

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. IV. No. 15.

J. J. BURKE.
EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning Dec. 11, 1890.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

HOLIDAY GOODS ARE NOW ARRIVING AT C. O. FOLTZ

JUST RECEIVED A LARGE LINE OF HOLIDAY GOODS!

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.

L. W. LEWIS, JEWELER,

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

T. F. WILLIAMS, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN
A SPECIALTY.

Office two doors West of News office, up stairs,
ANTIOCH, ILL.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.
No. 5, 6, 07 P. M.
No. 7, 10, 34 A. M.
No. 8, 1, 10 P. M.
No. 9, 12, 39 A. M.
GOING SOUTH.
No. 2, 4, 53 A. M.
No. 3, 11, 58 A. M.
No. 4, 8, 47 P. M.
No. 10, 7, 55 A. M.
Trains stop at Antioch.
Reference made to stop on signal.
During the summer season, all of the above
trains, run daily between Chicago and Wauke-
gan, except the Milk train, Nov. 9 and 10.
W. F. ZIEGLER, AGT.

Antioch Home News.

Mr. F. A. Bryn has been quite sick for the past week.

Try Stone & Co's best long cut smoking tobacco for 18 cents per pound.

County Sheriff A. F. Conrad, of Waukegan, was in our village on Monday last.

The season of dances and social parties is beginning to blossom out in all its splendor.

The ice will soon be in good shape for the "small boy" to break the back of his head on.

The shoe social on last Friday evening passed off very pleasantly. All in attendance report a good time.

The ANTIOCH NEWS and the Chicago weekly Inter Ocean or Journal, to new subscribers, one year for \$1.80.

Mr. Charles Cobb gave his friends a dance on last Saturday evening at the Yopp House. All present report a good time.

With the exception of a few places where the snow has blown off of the roads the sleighing of the past week has been very good.

The local talent of Wadsworth and Rosecrans has combined and formed an organization styled the Des Plaines Dramatic Company.

Judging from reports the past few snowstorms fell alike upon the just and the unjust. From every locality come reports of the good sleighing it afforded.

Mr. James French has moved his furniture into the house he recently purchased of Bert Grice. Bert will occupy his brother George's house during the winter.

The new Wisconsin Central depot was formally opened to the public on last Monday evening. The building is one of the finest of its kind to be found in the United States.

The ice company at Cross Lake received another large shipment of lumber recently. The company is anxious to get their building up in time for the first good ice crop.

Messrs Hatch & White, the Burlington photographers, have secured a new process whereby they are enabled to do good work at rates much lower than formerly. Call and see them at their Antioch gallery which will be open on Saturday of each week.

PHOTOGRAPHS,
FIRST-CLASS CABINETS

\$2. PER DOZEN.

BY NEW PROCESS. CALL ON

HATCH & WHITE,

ANTIOCH, ILL.

OPEN SATURDAY'S.

Boy's knee pants 25 cents at Stone & Co's.

Reports from various localities go to show that a scarcity of water in wells and cisterns is apt to occur this winter if we do not have some rains before the cold weather sets in for good.

On last Sunday occurred the death of Mrs. Edd Wallace at her home near Millburn. Deceased had a number of acquaintances in this locality and leaves a husband and family to mourn her loss.

Attention is called to the proceedings of a meeting of the Milk Dealers Protective Association held in Chicago recently, an account of which meeting is given in another column.

The noted manufacturers of bicycles Messrs Pope & Co., have issued their calendar for 1891, which is a very neat affair and is in all other respects up to its usual standard of excellence.

One night last week a number of young people thought it would be a bright idea for them to go and serenade a certain young couple who were about to be married that evening. On the way to the house it must have occurred to them that they might be mistaken as to the date of the event, and, sooner than run any risk of being premature in their jollification they decided to go in for a dead sure thing, so serenaded a couple who had been married upwards of three years.

Bro. Bradbury of the Patriot says that the winter of his discontent was made glorious summer by the arrival of a 10 lb. boy at his home Dec. 1st. Some of these winter nights while the mercury is hiding in the bulb of the thermometer, when Bro. Bradbury has to get out of bed in the "wee sma" hours of the night in search of the paragon bottle he will think differently; but all the same, accept our hearty congratulations, and may the boy grow up an ornament to society and useful to his dad.

On last Saturday evening a large and appreciative audience gathered at Rogers' hall to listen to the benefit concert. From the opening to the closing piece nothing occurred to mar the beauty of the occasion. It was evident from the start that the people had taken the matter thoroughly to heart and were fully in sympathy with the many different performers, who rendered with credit to themselves, and all others concerned, the many difficult parts assigned them. Mr. Evans will receive in all about \$75.00 from the entertainment which will be a welcome token of sympathy from his many friends.

Our new store is being built quite rapidly. Lancasterville is growing. Soon city lots will be staked for sale on John Lancaster's farm.

Mr. E. McCullow, from White-water, Wisconsin, spent Tuesday with J. K. Orvis, teacher in Dist. No. 2. Mr. McCullow intends spending the winter at Valparaiso Normal.

We are glad to learn that Ivanhoe has a literary. We wonder if the president of that tremendous institution is laboring with the expectation of "turning out" silver tongued orators who will, in the near future, occupy seats in the halls of our Congress.

C. O. Foltz recently put in a fine cashier's desk in his store.

Christmas goods are now arriving at Stone & Co's.

We understand that Mr. James French intends to go south for the winter.

Mr. Westerfield, of Waukegan, intends building a summer cottage in the vicinity of Petite lake during the coming season.

The Chicago Building and Improvement Co. offer a safe investment to purchasers of their stock. Look up the ad. on last page and then write to the Vice President and manager, H. Delaney, and learn all about it.

All people of the community interested in music are requested to meet at the M. E. Church Saturday evening Dec. 18 at 8 o'clock for the purpose of organizing a singing class, to be given under the direction of Prof. E. F. Steffen of Chicago.

The genial Albert Ansel, of Lake Villa, will please accept the thanks of the News and the entire office force who have been feasting on a juicy roast and liberal supply of sausages, such as Ansel alone knows how to make, presented our office Tuesday.

There are a certain class of men in almost every town who never get to fully appreciate the merits of their own home talent. They will spend hours in giving extravagant praises of something they may have heard in a town three times the size of their own but it never occurs to them that the most simple dramatic entertainment, all things considered, may contain as much actual merit as the most exquisitely rendered Opera.

Lake Villa.

A new doctor has located in our village.

How about that burglary, we have not learned particulars.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Gail and family have moved to South Englewood.

A member of the legal profession has hung out his shingle in our village and will attend to all legal matters.

Don't fail to call on Albert Ansel for all kinds of fresh meats. His stock is large and of the best quality while his prices are as low as what others charge for inferior meats. Call on him and be convinced.

LANCASTERVILLE.

Miss Anna Yore returned Tuesday from a delightful visit to the city.

Snow is here! Now the boys and girls can go sleigh-riding and sing "Jingle Bells".

Mr. Brady, a locomotive engineer, from Milwaukee, spent a few days last week with friends in this place.

J. K. Orvis spent Thanksgiving at his home in Salem, Wisconsin. He returned to his school Monday morning.

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Wisconsin Central Time Table.

Trains arrive at and depart from Trevor, as follows:

NORTH.
No. 1, 12:45 a. m.
No. 3, 10:30 p. m.
No. 5, 8:14 p. m.
No. 7, 10:43 a. m.
No. 9, 7:20 p. m.

SOUTH.
No. 2, 1:02 a. m.
No. 4, 1:03 a. m.
No. 6, 11:53 a. m.
No. 8, 6:30 p. m.
No. 10, 7:20 a. m.

* Trains stop on signal only.
† Trains do not stop for passengers.
Train No. 1, makes regular stops, for passengers to get off at Trevor Saturday nights.
Through tickets furnished at lowest rates.
For further information enquire of Agent.
GEORGE SHAYER, Agent.

TREVOR, WIS.

Mrs. H. Zhude of Silver Lake is visiting Mrs. M. Bohrn and family.

The sheep feeders all say their stock are doing as finely as they could wish.

Winter commenced the first of Dec. and has continued thus far with snow enough to make very good sleighing and most people are satisfied thus far with the weather.

There were 1200 sheep unloaded at Trevor last Saturday destined for the Chicago market.

Quite a number of Trevorites took in the concert for the benefit of Wm. Evans who lost his left hand in a stalk cutter a few weeks ago.

Geo. Shaver, our genial depot agent, had an operator drop in upon him the 5th of Dec. in the shape of a large fat bouncing boy. Mother and son doing well.

Geo. H. Booth bought 1000 sheep at the yards here that came from Dakota and averaged a little over 103 lbs. per head. They were a fine lot and ought to make him some money.

There were several invitations sent to parties living at Trevor to attend the grand opening of the Grand Central Depot, which took place the 8th inst. at Chicago in the large and commodious building, which is one of the finest of the kind in the world.

HICKORY BUDGET.

Caroline Gerred is under the Dr's care.

C. C. Carpenter is visiting in this vicinity but leaves for Kenosha, Dec. 8th.

Wm. McGavic has a baby son at his house, born about the 3rd. of December.

James McGuire lately lost his little driving pony. It took sick and died suddenly.

The checker club has not yet been called together, although expecting to hear the call for weeks past.

Winter in name and in reality commenced Dec. 1st. We had a fine fall of snow the first week in Dec. and that without drifting, which seldom occurs.

The well drivers for Mr. Charles Webb are still whacking away and are now down somewhere about 150 feet in their second attempt—they having abandoned the first effort after going down 200 feet.

We have a new minister from Evanston in place of Mr. Hall. He is a young man, I forgot his name, and whether single or married I have not heard, and whether popular or not have not heard much said. He called once on our scribe and had a pleasing address and is gentlemanly in appearance. Further than this your correspondent is not posted.

HYMENEAL.

On Thursday night Dec. 4th we attended the wedding party given by Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Westlake in honor of the marriage of their daughter Drucilla to Mr. C. H. Ferris, of Whitefish, Eng. Nature seemed to be doing all in her power to make the evening a happy one. As if in sympathy with the occasion the

earth was wrapped in a snowy mantle and the gently falling flakes seemed like angel kisses on our cheeks or like a benediction falling from the Giver of all good gifts, as accompanied by the merry jingling of sleigh bells and the happy voices of our friends we sped along toward the festive scene in which we were glad indeed to participate.

On our arrival we were pleased to note that an Hymeneal Altar had been artistically arranged in the bow window with decorations of evergreens and flowers which were beautifully grouped and entwined about the bird cage and lace draperies of the window. At 8 o'clock, as the strains of "Mendelssohn's Wedding March" swelled triumphantly through the apartments in response to the touch of our efficient organist, Miss Dora Simons, the happy couple entered the room, preceded by Mr. E. Horton and wife, Mr. W. Hucker and Miss May Westlake, the ladies in attendance being sisters of the bride. The cortege separated in the center of the room, the bride and groom passed on and were received by the officiating clergyman, Rev. W. Doble of Evanston, Pastor of the M. E. Church of this place. The bride stood beneath a large wedding veil composed of evergreens and flowers, may her life be as bright as the flowers which graced the occasion. Over the head of the groom was suspended a horse shoe made of evergreens with the lucky number of nails in flowers, viz. seven.

As the bride, who was richly attired in mahogany brown silk with the accompaniment of real lace handkerchief, white kid gloves and natural flowers in her hair, stood with her usual self possession before the Altar, we heard on all sides the whisper, "Doesn't she look pretty?" The groom looked as handsome and smiling as possible as he with his wife turned to receive the congratulations of their many friends who pressed forward with good wishes and God Speed.

As we thought of their dear friends across the ocean we clasped their hands more warmly and wished them all the happiness this life can bestow. The ceremony over, led by the bride and groom we repaired to the dining room where was spread a most sumptuous repast. It would be impossible to particularize with regard to the delightful menu prepared for the occasion. We will only mention the bride's cake, a large pyramid decorated with vines and flowers, on a pedestal of evergreen, at the summit a beautiful Calia Lily, a present from a dear friend who no doubt thought the flower emblematic of the character of the bride.

There were nearly sixty guests present. The presentations to the newly wedded ones were all elegant and suitable.

From Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Ferris of England, parents of the groom, £100 Grandma Westlake, plush spring rocker, linen lunch cloth and lace shams; Mr. and Mrs. Westlake, Family Bible, arm chair, decorated china set etc.; Mr. and Mrs. E. Horton, antique oak rocking chair; May Westlake, eight day clock; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ring, magnificent standard lamp; Mr. and Mrs. James, center table of antique oak; Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Warner, frosted silver napkin rings; Dr. Ames and wife, frosted silver butter dish, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Williams, set of silver knives and forks; Dr. Karr and wife frosted silver butter dish; Mr. and Mrs. Story, walnut towel ring and handsome towel; Mr. and Mrs. Snes of Chicago, silver cake stand; Mr. Osmond and Miss James, embossed plush album with mirror; Misses Carrie and Maude Williams, parlor lamp; Misses Lizzie and Agnes Chard, individual canister; Misses Waitie, Lillie and Ella Ames, silver spoons; Miss Clara Snes of Chicago, Tidy; Mrs. J. Calcott, embossed plush album; Miss Ada Butric, silver butter knife; Mr. and Mrs. Welch, individual canister; Mr. and Mrs. Rhymer, glass tea set; Mr. and Mrs. Chinn, plush album; Misses Maud and Dora Simons, glass water set; Mr. Fred Chard, vase; Mr. W. Hucker, silver tea spoons; Misses Blanche and Grace Norton of Rockefeller, individual canister with silver butter plate. A present from Master William Westlake Horton. Valuable presents were also received from Mrs. Ella Judge of Albany, New York; Mr. H. D. Pierce of Hypoluxo Fla. a package of Gunna jelly; Mr. John Eleberry, china cup and saucer, and many more we have not time to mention.

At a late hour the groom and bride repaired to their new home with many testimonials of good wishes showered upon them from all sides. Realizing that "the half has not been told" we submit this to the public and yet hoping "God be with you 'til we meet again."

A GUEST.

PAY UP NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the firm of Brogan & Gray please call and settle at once.

BROGAN & GRAY.

MILK SHIPPERS TAKE NOTICE!

At a meeting of the Chicago Milk Dealers Protective Association held in Princess Opera House, Chicago, Nov. 29th 1890, it was resolved that, whereas members of the association, receiving milk over the Wisconsin Central Road at Western Avenue Station, are being unjustly treated, insulted and abused by Mr. Ira Silvernail, who has used unfair means to impose himself in almost every case as middle man between the shippers and receivers on said road, and whereas it is claimed that he interferes with correspondence between shippers and receivers, and has gone so far as to cause the arrest and false imprisonment of one of the most respected members of this association; RESOLVED: that a committee be appointed to visit the authorities of said road to request that Mr. Ira Silvernail be removed from the Western Avenue receiving platform at an early date.

It was further resolved to commence at once in making preparations for supplying members, receiving milk on that road with equal accommodation on two other roads delivering milk to platforms in the near vicinity of Western Avenue and Ogden Avenue and 12th St. in the event of the authorities of the Wisconsin Central Road refusing to comply with the moderate requests of the association.

Signed

J. D. Stend, President,
151 Honore St. Chicago,
John Forbes, Vice Pres.
424 S Oakley Ave. Chicago,
E. S. Duck, Secretary,
65 Congress Park, Chicago.

BLACKSMITHING.

I have secured the assistance of a blacksmith from Chicago and am now able to perform all work received, promptly. Prices always reasonable and I guarantee my work to be first class in all respects.

N. PETERSON.

NOTICE.

Travel across Fox River at Wilmet will not be interfered with on account of new bridge being built, as a temporary bridge for the accommodation of the public is built. M. Keenan Supervisor.

BLACKSMITH WANTED.

Single Man Preferred.

WANTED a good horse-shoer for country work, as assistant in shop. None but a steady sober man need apply. To the right party a good steady position may be had by applying to J. E. Didam, Antioch, Lake Co., Ills.

NOTICE.

I am prepared to butcher cattle in good shape at 50 cents per head. Apply to A. Edgan, Butcher, Antioch, Illinois.

NOTICE!

Watched Watched

All that are lovers of good and reliable time keepers, watches and clocks, can buy of me for spot cash, at wholesale prices. All I ask is 6 per cent. over wholesale list price. You will get from 40 to 50 per cent discount, which will reduce your time pieces from \$20 to \$10. Please call and I will show you the net prices. T. C. Richardson, Antioch, Ill.

BRAN, MIDDINGS,

-AND-

SCREENINGS,

IN CAR LOTS

AT CHICAGO WHOLESALE PRICES.

CHRISTIAN BRO'S. MILL CO'S

MINNEAPOLIS

FLOUR,

—FOR SALE—

AT VERY LOW FIGURES.

Williams Bros.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

Miss Maude Whitelaw met with a terrible accident in St. Louis. She tried to clean a piece of plush with gasoline, when the vapor communicated with the fire in the open grate and there was an explosion. In an instant the unfortunate young lady's clothes were a mass of flames. She was so badly burned that she cannot recover.

Anton Oakley, 60 years of age, was found dead in bed at Lockport, N. Y., having been suffocated by coal gas.

James H. Riley, a trainer, shot and instantly killed Ben Slaghter, a negro, at the Ashtabuck farm, near Lexington, Ky.

A stone chest has been unearthed on the farm of Mahlon Funk, near Bangor, Mich., containing \$9 in English and United States coins bearing dates between 1789 and 1830.

Ernest Kettler, of New York, aged 33, shot his wife in the arm and then himself in the left temple, dying instantly. The woman's injury is not dangerous.

The passers-by at a crowded corner in Chicago were horrified by seeing a man suddenly drop dead to the pavement. William Robertson is supposed to be the man's name.

Dispatches from India say that while a battalion was on the march in the Chin hills several of the men were stricken with cholera. Thirty men, out of a total of sixty attacked, succumbed to the disease. The battalion subsequently broke camp and proceeded to Bagong. During the march many more soldiers were attacked by cholera.

Col. Herbert C. B., of the British Army, has been appointed to the command of the Canadian militia to succeed Gen. Middleton.

B. D. Whitbeck, a wealthy dairyman, was killed by the cars at Kalamazoo, Mich.

Robert A. Smith and J. A. Smith have had trouble over a piece of land at Linwood, Mich. The quarrel was renewed when Robert shot his brother with a gun, six bullets entering his body, killing him instantly. There is much excitement at Linwood, and talk of lynching, but quiet was restored by the sheriff. The prisoner is in jail at Bay City.

J. P. McLennan, a miner in the Alberta coal pit at Lethbridge, N. W. T., has been imprisoned for twenty-four hours in the mine through a cave-in. A small hole has been drilled through fourteen feet of coal and the man is yet alive. Miners are working desperately to save the miner's life.

Mamie Starr, who poisoned a family in Chicago ten months ago, was sentenced to prison for life.

Sam Lovell, a Kansas City nursery agent, left a Muskogee, (la.), hotel a week ago in company with a stranger, and has not been heard from since. He had collected a large amount of money. A pocket-book and private papers belonging to him were now found in an alley in Checotah.

The jewelry establishment of J. C. Woodruff, at Waxahatchie, Tex., was entered by burglars who secured from \$12,000 to \$15,000 worth of jewelry. The safes were blown open.

Grof. Morbach & Co., of Cincinnati, caused the arrest of W. O. Cleveland, one of the clerks. He had from time to time embezzled money, in all between \$4,000 and \$5,000. He confessed to part of the theft. He claims he is related to ex-President Cleveland.

A schooner which drifted ashore at Pomquet, Maine, Nova Scotia, was the W. H. Lloyd of Lockport, N. S. All hands were drowned.

An attempt has just been made to assassinate Col. Carrascosa, the governor of the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, at San Cristobal. The governor, instead of being killed himself, shot the would-be assassin.

A certificate of death for I. N. Murphy has been filed at the board of health office at Kansas City, and the cause assigned was glanders. The disease was contracted from a horse which died a few days ago. The disease is much more fatal and contagious than small-pox.

Joe Coburn, the ex-prize-fighter, died at his residence in New York of hasty consumption.

E. C. Snider, a newspaper man of Omaha was terribly beaten by footpads.

Swan Gustafson, a young Swede who has been shoveling gravel for \$1.10 a day near Cherokee, Ia., has been transformed into a millionaire. A distant relative died in Pennsylvania, leaving him an estate valued at \$3,000,000.

A dispatch was received at San Francisco stating that the schooner Ida Florence went ashore at Iverson's landing, Dec. 2, and is a total loss. The crew of four men put to sea in a small boat, but has not since been seen.

Daniel Stewart, who lost an arm by falling under a car of the Sixth Avenue railroad company in New York, has been awarded \$55,000 damages.

Dr. H. L. Beem was killed near Carthage, Mo., by a fall from his buggy.

The Ancestral company at Helena, Mont., has shut down four mines, throwing 1,000 men out of employment.

Benjamin Hower was arrested at Abilene, Kas., for defrauding the State by removing headstones from old soldiers' graves and then collecting from the State for putting up new ones in accordance with Governmental provision. He made a regular business of this desecration.

The international roundup of cattle in the Cherokee strip was finished. The startling discovery was made that over 2,000 head had been stolen and driven to the Southwest. The Arkansas City company is the heaviest loser, 700 head having been cut out of the herd by the thieves.

At Fort Worth, Tex., Ben Mahley cut the throat of Lazelle Ford and then his own.

Emma Pfizenmeyer, 22 years old, was found dead in her room at Chester, Pa., with her throat slashed with a cheese-knife. It is probably a suicide, though some believe it is a murder.

The Converse Manufacturing company's furniture-burning room at Newbury, Mass., and contents were entirely destroyed by fire; loss about \$25,000. Forty men are thrown out of employment.

Mayor Brannan, of Littlefield, Minn., shot himself while in a delirium. He died during the night.

Fire, which broke out in Maginn's cracker factory in Pittsburg, Pa., was not extinguished until four large business blocks had been consumed. The buildings destroyed were brick, seven stories high. The total loss is put at \$300,000.

The concentrating works at Humboldt, Mich., and a dwelling adjoining were burned, loss, \$15,000. Luckily much of the machinery was on the road to Spurr Mountain, Mich. The works were owned by Edison, the electrician.

James Heferty, William McGowan, and Michael Newlin were instantly killed by being run down by a train on the Reading railroad near Philadelphia.

THE ANNUAL PENSION APPROPRIATION BILL

The annual pension appropriation bill was passed by the House after a lively debate. The engine of the Western express on the Grand Trunk ran off a switch into the river at Montreal and the engineer was drowned. Mrs. Laura Clornont, a woman possessing property worth thousands of dollars, is lying destitute in one of her houses in Kalamazoo, Mich., and dependent on neighbors for the food she eats. She has become demented, and the authorities are about to take steps to care for her.

A freight train on the West Jersey railroad ran into an open switch near Camden, N. J., and Conductor Samuel Leay was killed and eight cars were wrecked. The accident was caused by a sleepy night tower man turning the wrong switch, and he narrowly escaped lynching by the excited people.

An explosion of a tank in a chemical works in the eastern part of Cincinnati, three men were fatally injured and two slightly. The fatally injured are: Louis Schlus, John Priddy, James Fehl; those slightly injured are John Wecker and Sidney Cloyer.

J. O. Gibbs, District Attorney for the Fourteenth Louisiana Judicial District, was accidentally shot and killed by a companion near New Orleans while hunting.

Several business houses in Brookville, Ky., were destroyed by fire. The fire started in the Central Hotel and that, with the neighboring stores, the Bank of Brookville and three dwellings were burned. The town has no fire apparatus.

The round-house of the Chicago and West Michigan railroad at Holland, Mich., with seven locomotives, was destroyed by fire. Loss estimated \$25,000.

Officer Adams in attempting to arrest a negro desperado, Carter Bryant, in North Little Rock, Ark., found it necessary to kill the negro in self-defense.

August Schultz and William Smith were arrested in Chicago with about \$300, the proceeds of burglaries, in their possession. In all, Schultz admits that they succeeded in getting about \$2,000 worth of jewelry and clothing from several residences, the most of which they disposed of in various parts of the city.

John Archibald, an old man who lived in Hull, Ont., was burned to death in his cottage.

Mr. J. A. West, a resident of Savannah, Ga., was killed by his brother, Hugh West, at Bolton, Mich.

A fire destroyed the Georgia railroad office and freight depot and partially burned the Union Passenger station at Augusta, Ga. The total loss is about \$75,000.

The large hub and spoke factory, located at Anna Station, O., was burned. A telegram was received at Lima saying the whole town was in danger and asking for a fire engine, which was sent by special train.

Fred Crich, of Ypsilanti, Mich., committed suicide in the presence of his wife and family by taking a dose of poison.

A most disastrous fire occurred at the Village of Collinswood, O. It started in the rear of Ralph Shepard's hardware store. The losses foot up \$25,000.

At Williamsstown, Ky., George Burgess, a saloonkeeper, shot and fatally wounded Miss Alice McKinley and then barricaded himself in his saloon. Officers broke down the door Burgess resisted arrest and was shot dead.

An unknown man was found dead in a cell in the Central Station at St. Paul, Minn., and Mrs. Hans Hanson, of East Fifth street, were declared poisoned, but not fatally. The man had drunk beer in a saloon, where a few minutes later Mr. Hanson had purchased a can of beer, which was drunk by the family.

The large building used as a commissary department at Fort Lincoln, North Dakota, was burned with all its contents.

Several weeks ago Thad Fowles murdered a citizen of Charlotte county named Yancey. He was arraigned for trial, and the case postponed. While the sheriff was returning with the prisoner to jail, a force of men intercepted him and lynched the prisoner.

Over 100 more men in the employ of the Union Pacific are thrown out of employment by an order for further reduction of the force. These men are now employed at the Council Bluffs transfer yards and the company's machine-shops in Omaha. This will make a total reduction within the last few days of 200 men.

William Sennott, who was found dead on the sidewalk on Harmon court, Chicago, with a bullet-hole in his left breast, was murdered by his former friend and partner in crime, Frank Hartnett, alias O'Brien, alias Bradley.

James McKinley, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, was killed by falling from a building.

A large boiler exploded on the Nesqueope Mountain, near Epsytown, Pa., with terrible results. Frank Groover, his brother Isaac, and two others were instantly killed. The boiler was being used to furnish steam for a sawmill. All four men were horribly mangled. What caused the explosion is a mystery.

Four men, two on a side, met on the highway near Malvern, Ark., and fought with knives. One of the men, named Gillum, was cut seriously across the neck, and he will die. Two others, Tom Hammond and his son, are badly cut.

The steamer Dorchester reports passing a whale in Chesapeake bay. It was off the Thimble, a little above Old Point Comfort. It was over eight feet in length and was swimming due north. The Dorchester passed within fifty feet of the whale, which followed along in the wake of the ship towards Baltimore.

Senor Antonio Ynto, the owner of the Camacho estate, has been kidnapped near Matanzas, 35 miles from Havana, Cuba, by bandits. Troops were hastily sent in pursuit. The soldiers came upon the bandits twice and shots were exchanged, but up to last reports Senor Ynto had not been rescued.

In a drunken quarrel at Hochepot, Mo., George Boyce killed Jesse Nichols with a knife.

Deputy United States Marshal Pitts was shot and killed by Indians near Lake West, in the Cherokee nation. The whites are greatly excited and have the Indians surrounded.

James Feecey, a laborer, was killed in the new lake tunnel at Park row, Chicago.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hollenbeck of Los Angeles, Cal., donated \$750,000 worth of property to found a house for indigent women and homeless children.

William Wilson, a stranger who engaged a room at a lodging-house on South Clark street, Chicago, was found dead in bed with the gas turned on full head. Wilson was 58 years of age and wore a Grand Army button. In his pockets were found a Vahash railroad baggage check and a letter addressed to M. S. Bradley, Stryker, O.

Severe frosts are reported on the shores of the Mediterranean, something unknown for twenty years. Snow-storms are reported in Spain and the Pyrenees are impassable. The German rivers are full of dangerous drift-ice. Eight persons have been drowned at Bremen. The damage at Eibelfeld, Harnen, and Posen is estimated at 3,000,000 marks.

BUSINESS FAILURES.

LIST OF ASSIGNMENTS MADE DURING ONE DAY.

A Desperado Killed—Murder and Lynching—Other Telegraphic News Suitably Condensed.

A Crop of Crashes. Henry J. Strouse, of St. Paul, made an assignment to William Dunlap. His liabilities are about \$75,000; assets about \$90,000. J. H. Weber, dry goods merchant at Burlington, Iowa, assigned. Assets, \$3,300; liabilities, \$2,000.

Harvey A. Woodward, dealer in pianos, at Portland, Me., assigned. Liabilities, \$40,000.

The Model Dry Goods company of Springfield, Mo., Weinberg & Levy, proprietors, has assigned. Liabilities, \$30,000; assets, \$20,000.

B. Smith & Sons, merchant tailors at St. Louis, Mo., made an assignment. Liabilities, \$15,000; assets, \$34,000.

Williams, Yerkes & Co., dry goods merchants, of Philadelphia, made an assignment together with the executors of the estate of Charles B. Williams, to Otto B. Pappig.

Waterman & Co., who did a large fishery business in Twillingate, New Foundland, have failed for \$200,000.

The Cuba & Leaman consolidated clay works, located at Cuba, Ill., made an assignment. Henry Thibery being appointed assignee. The liabilities, \$5,000; assets, \$25,000.

The Bull & Grant Farm Implement Company, of San Francisco, has filed a petition in the federal court for the assignment of its assets. The total liabilities are \$75,000; assets, \$53,000.

The Western Knitting company, of Detroit, Mich., filed a chattel mortgage for \$50,000. It runs to William C. Yawkey, of Detroit, and covers all of its personal property in Detroit and its mill in Rochester, Mich.

William Funnell, proprietor of the woolen mills at Wilton, Me., failed. Liabilities, \$70,000; assets, \$35,000.

A Darling Robbery. Monday was pay-day at Allerton's packing-house in Chicago, where perhaps 1,500 men are at work. The money to pay the men is obtained at the Stock Yards Bank, and from that place, about 3 o'clock, came John Robinson, an old employee. In his keeping was \$3,000 and it was intended for the afternoon company. A few minutes after he left the bank he played the money in front of Cashier Osier's eyes in the packing-house, and then withdrew to attend to his own business.

Mr. Robinson had just left the office when two granger-like individuals rounded the head of the stairs and a second later entered Mr. Osier's office. Mr. Osier was alone. Suddenly one of the intruders exclaimed: "Give me up that stuff," at the same time pointing a revolver at the cashier.

The second man threw down an innocent-looking ticking, which now assumed the shape of a bag. He motioned to Osier to throw the money into the bag, and the cashier obeyed. He was also made to throw in an additional \$200 which was on his desk. The men then left the office, locking the door after them. They jumped into their buggy and drove rapidly away, going south.

The two men were disguised with hats and beards they wore, and the disguise was complete. The police have absolutely no clue to the men, but are unanimous in the opinion that one of them was the notorious "Red Chris."

A Put-Up Job. Many of the firemen at engine house 31, in Chicago, are denouncing the loss of their month's pay. While they were answering an alarm of fire thieves broke in and stole seven watches and about \$700 in money.

The firemen were paid their monthly salaries and several of them had their money in their dress uniforms. About 5:45 in the morning an alarm of fire was turned in from California avenue and Jackson street, which is the heart of the company's district. The horses were quickly hitched up and every one responded to the alarm, leaving the engine-house unguarded. They found that the alarm was false and returned to their headquarters, where they found that the closets had been broken open and their clothing piled in confusion on the floor. No money was left in any of the garments.

Carl O'Donohue lost his watch and \$25 in money; Cornelius Foley lost his entire month's pay, \$25, and his watch; Herman Harris found that he was \$25 out and a time watch; William Guttry could not find \$30 that he had left in his pocket, and George McAllister and Ed Lumbly looked in vain for their watches. The firemen are sure that the robbery was premeditated, and that there were at least three men concerned in the job. One turned in the false alarm, and while the engines were answering it the other two ransacked the house.

Suicide or Murder? What was at first thought to be a case of suicide was proven almost beyond question to have been murder, and three men—John Sheridan and two hard levee characters named O'Brien and Gallagher—are now locked up in Chicago, suspected of having caused the death of William Sennott, a Chicago & Alton switchman.

Shortly after 2 o'clock in the morning Sennott, who had "done" time at Joliet and in the State Prison, was found dead in a room in front of a saloon run by Chris Gilligan. There was a gaping wound in the man's left breast and a revolver in his overcoat pocket with two chambers discharged. It was not thought he had committed suicide, but when officers were detailed on the case they soon found a messenger-boy named Henry Meyer who said he saw three men fifteen minutes before a shot was heard standing on the corner. One of the men had a revolver in his hand and was talking in a loud and threatening manner. A colored woman living next to the saloon was also found, who said she heard voices as if in a quarrel, followed by a shot and the falling of a body. She looked out of her window and saw Sennott on the ground. Sheridan, one of the arrested men, is Gilligan's bartender. The police expect a full confession from one of them. O'Brien has been heard threatening to kill Sennott.

Murder and Lynching in Mississippi. Mr. Gus Aron was murdered at Roebuck Landing, on Yazoo River, Miss., Dennis Martin, in company with a lot of other negroes, engaged in a game of craps near Mr. Aron's store. A disturbance was raised among them, and Mr. Aron went out to demonstrate with them, when Martin pulled a revolver and fired point blank at Mr. Aron, the ball taking effect in the region of the heart, killing him almost instantly. In the meantime Martin managed to get away, and his absence being discovered a posse of colored people captured him, and he was swung to a limb and his body riddled with bullets. Mr. Aron was a native of Germany, about 35 years old.

Gambler Guarded by Detectives.

Two constables had a conflict with gamblers in Chicago and were forced to retreat, even though their pockets were filled with warrants. George Hankins would not submit to arrest and kept on doing business.

Charles Armstrong, who says he is a traveling man from New York, complains that several of the men employed by Hankins threw him down stairs and broke his arm. Armstrong says he went into the gambling house of George Hankins and lost \$1,000. Next night he went back and lost \$25, which was all the money he had. He says when his money was gone Mike Duffy, brother of Lieut. Daniel Duffy, threw him headlong from the top of the stairs, breaking his arm. Armstrong swore out warrants, and Constables Balerie and Gelsier tried to serve the warrants.

For fully two years Arthur Woods, the Pinkerton detective, has guarded the front door of the Hankins gambling-house. The death of Mr. Woods left a vacancy that was filled by another detective. When the constables went to the gambling-house they were met by the new detective and ordered out. Besides having the warrant for Duffy charging assault, they had warrants against Hankins, Romanie, and Wrightman. Armstrong says he lost the money fairly enough, but he objects to being thrown down stairs.

At midnight a squad of officers raided the gambling-house of Bryant and Johnson on Clark street. Over fifty colored and white men were arrested.

Almost a Conflagration. The most disastrous fire that has occurred in Ypsilanti, Ill., for years broke out in the large three-story brick building at the corner of 7th and Galatin streets, owned by Mrs. S. I. Jackson, and occupied by T. B. Murray as a general merchandise store. The flames were communicated to Murray's warehouse and feed store, and to S. M. Dickinson's cigar factory, consuming them completely. Dr. Beshe's office and laboratory, James Williams' butcher shop and J. C. Zimmerman's feed store were also burned.

For a time the entire business portion of the west end was threatened and undoubtedly would have been destroyed had it not been for the heroic efforts of the fire department, aided by the citizens. A strong wind was blowing from the south, carrying sparks and cinders several blocks.

Mrs. Jackson's loss on her building is \$4,000, insured for \$2,500. T. B. Murray's loss is between \$10,000 and \$12,000, with \$4,000 insurance. J. M. Dickinson's loss on the building occupied by James Williams as a butcher-shop is \$1,000, on which there is no insurance. The fire was undoubtedly incendiary, having been started with a view of destroying the entire block of business houses. The police have kept a close lookout for suspicious-looking characters.

Suicide in a Queer Way. A most sensational suicide occurred in a saloon on Washington avenue south, Minneapolis, on Monday, Dec. 2. Bell, a traveling man for Chicago and Toledo tobacco house, entered, walked up to the bar, and asked for and received a glass of whisky. He took the glass of liquor in his hands and taking a seat at a table drank the beverage. The proprietor and bystanders did not notice anything special about the man until a moment later they heard him grind the glass between his teeth. The witnesses of this terrible performance were quite paralyzed over the spectacle.

For a moment did not attempt to interfere with Bell's foolish act. They were more horrified still when they saw that the man was swallowing the pieces. When the performance was finally stopped the greater portion of the glass had been devoured. A few minutes later the patrol-wagon was on the scene and the man quickly removed to the city hospital. He suffered terribly on route and died from internal hemorrhages before he could be put to bed. The cause for the terrible deed was the discovery that his wife had begun leading a life of sin, having been arrested in a house of bad repute. Bell was about 30 years old and well connected in Chicago and Toledo.

Fell Down the Elevator Shaft. Isaac M. Jordan, a lawyer, fell down the elevator in the Lincoln Inn Court, Cincinnati, where his office is located, and was instantly killed. Mr. Jordan was talking to a man who had just left the elevator, and had his hand on the doorway, so that the boy, as he went up with the cab, did not close the door entirely. Mr. Jordan being absorbed in conversation, did not know the cab had gone up, and so opened the door and stepped into the open hatchway. His fall was from the third floor to the basement. His head was crushed and death was instantaneous.

Mr. Jordan represented the Second Ohio District in Congress from 1855 to 1887 and declined a second nomination. He leaves a widow, one son, and two daughters. The courts immediately adjourned upon hearing of his tragic death.

MARKET REPORT. CHICAGO.

DERIVES—Extra 1,500,000 lbs. 5.20 5.30 Good to choice 1,500,000 lbs. 5.20 5.30 Poor to medium 1,500,000 lbs. 5.10 5.20

WHEAT—No. 1, 1,500,000 lbs. 5.20 5.30 No. 2, 1,500,000 lbs. 5.10 5.20 No. 3, 1,500,000 lbs. 5.00 5.10

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FOR THE LADIES.

AN HOUR'S INTERESTING CHAT WITH THE CHARMING SEX.

An Old Man's Tribute to His Wife—The Woman's Problem of the Present Day, Etc., Etc.

Grandfather's Tribute to His Wife. When, in the first flush of happy youth, I looked with loving eyes upon thy face, it seemed to me I there could find, in truth, the perfect type of beauty and of grace.

And as the bells rang out their gladness, and that day when we were wed, I did not dream that ever, with the mellowing of time, could that sweet face of thine more lovely seem.

Yet, as I see thee now—thy crown of white; The glory of thy motherhood; the lines Upon thy brow and cheek, marks of time's flight;

The many sweetenings thy life combines— Methinks that in my youth my judgment erred.

Despite thy beauty, seeming so benign, This heart of mine hath never been so stirred As by the loveliness that now is thine.

—John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Weekly.

The Woman's Problem of To-Day.

How to secure good health should be one of the first problems for this generation of women. This is the demand their subjects will make of those they are crowning as queens of the hearth and the home. Give us bright, fresh, kindly-hearted sisters, say the lads and the little brothers in the homes. Give us happy, healthy, faces over our cradles, plead the babes who flad their heaven in mother's eyes. Give us cheer and laughter and a little fun, say the fathers, turning wearily toward their firesides at the end of a day of toil. Give us a bright word and a helping hand and your dainty touch on household ways, say the mothers, who would give their lives any day to see their daughters well and strong and glad. Give us health, is the cry from all the world to its women. Give us girls with a physique that will spare us the morbid brooding of discontent, the hysterical tantrum, the nervous collapse, the look of gloom from the clear wells of your eyes.

The old world is weary and travel-worn, and it sits, as the master sat over against the wall of Samaria, and says, "Woman, give me to drink." The youth and health of womanhood are like a cup that holds refreshment for every thirsty and weary soul. Do not have to answer, "I have nothing to draw with and the well is deep."

This is, as I have said, the problem of to-day. It is not our purpose now and here to suggest how best it can be solved. To the true seeker, it will open its intricacies one by one. One little single hygienic law of sleep, of diet, of dress or exercise, the first and simplest that you know, obeyed, and the work is begun. Knowing the next thing to do is not important until you have done the next thing you know.

Any society, called by whatever name, that so begins and so goes on, begins at the root of noble living, and may be sure, however slow their growth, that every step planted firmly on a hygienic fact will be a step not only toward personal physical well-being, but toward the uplifting of the race as well.

If women once arouse themselves to the danger, and take hold of the matter in earnest, we shall not be long in seeing a more hopeful sign in the sky. Already is there a morning glimmer flashing in the columns of the press. No man who stops to ask himself the question how many healthy women he numbers among his acquaintance but will welcome the gleam of this dawn.

—Mary L. Dickinson, in Harper's Bazar.

Married Six Times.

Ten years ago the little tavern at Emerson's Mills in the Pine Run lumber region in Pennsylvania was kept by an odd character, Elias Benton. He had a very pretty daughter named Betty. She was sixteen years old, and Edward Shot, young and well-to-do, was in love with her. Betty wanted to marry Shot, but the father had other plans. He chose for her husband a man three times her age, who owned a large pine tract, a valuable property that Landlord Benton was anxious to possess. He compelled his daughter to marry this man, Auda by name. He lived only six months, and left his young widow the pine land, which her father sold and appropriated the proceeds to his own use.

Young Shot in the meantime had gone away. One year after the death of her husband, Mrs. Auda married, to spite her father, John Grover, a sawyer. He was killed in his employer's mills one month later.

The landlord's daughter was now twice a widow, although she was not yet eighteen years old. Two months after her second husband's death Edward Shot returned, and on her eighteenth birthday young Widow Grover married her old-time lover. The couple lived happily for a year, and one child was born. The child was not two weeks old when the father was crushed to death by a falling tree. The landlord's daughter mourned her third husband sincerely for two years. About this time her father died.

At the age of twenty-one she made what was regarded as a most fortunate marriage, her fourth husband being Elmer James, a young lawyer. James turned out to be a drunkard. He abused his wife and her child so shamefully that she had no difficulty in obtaining a divorce.

She remained single then until she was twenty-three, when she married George Rhono, a widower of fifty. Before they were married a year Rhono died of the small-pox. His

young wife nursed him all through the course of the dreadful disease, sleeping without taking it herself. Rhono left his widow \$10,000 in cash.

Not long after her last husband's death she took her child and went to Ohio, where she had relatives. This was one year ago. Recently she wrote to a friend that she was to be married the next day in Covington, Ky., to a young man named Charley Green, a blue grass farmer.

The True Woman.

If educating a woman according to the regulations of the present exclusive and fashionable schools for young ladies unfits them to take charge, preside over, and administer well the affairs of a household, the less of it the better for the world. A true woman is grand in her life and love. In her home she is a veritable queen. But any education, polish or improvement which renders her less the unrivalled, supreme, divine inspiration that she is as sister, wife and mother, dothrones the sweetest and purest being that makes home such a blessing that millions cling to them in preference to going to heaven. God made woman, and man should be careful in improving and adorning that much of the original beauty, purity and polish are not marred by mistaken fashion and folly. Educate the girls, but not away from being God's best and purest gift to man. Any education which makes a woman begin to doubt her great mission, and to fill her mind with crochety criticisms, dogmatic innovations, and pedantic notions of what her life is, or ought to be, is alienating, and depriving her of her legal right to the throne of supreme happiness and bliss. That education which fills the heart with cheerful songs of love and kindness amid the world's darkest hours; which with its mission will sweeten labor when worldly wealth fades or goes up in smoke; or which will aid in administering soothing balm when the head is faint or the heart sick; or opens the fountains of sympathy in times of grief and sorrow, is the kind of education which make a diploma worth more than diadems of gold or precious stones. But when the schools and society tend to steal from woman her crown of happiness—the sweetest blessing of home, sister, wife and mother—which are the highest of all human joys. It will be a sad day for the human family. God help the woman who aims to find in fashionable society and vain amusements those satisfying joys which her heart and soul were made to enjoy. —Clarkson, in American Farmer.

Aprons of All Kinds.

A handsome dress apron is made of ocre scrim, with a four-inch band of drawn-work above a wide hem. Run into this drawn-work narrow blue ribbons, in all shades, from darkest to palest, alternating over and under the threads. Edge the bottom with ocre linen lace.

Another is of ocre batiste, quite long, laid in nine box-plaits. In the center of each plait lay a strip of embroidery, done in colors, the center one the longest, and graduating in length toward the sides. Shir the top, and fasten with ribbon or ties of the goods.

One very pretty apron is made of fine scrim, cut long enough to reach slightly below the knees. This is to be hemmed and edged all around with wide lace, set on plain. Each side of the apron is tucked with four-inch tucks, turning toward the middle, and on each tuck is set a strip of cardinal velvet ribbon. The middle of the apron is gathered, the tucked sides left plain, and it is attached to a cardinal velvet belt.

Stripes of seersucker and Russian lace, alternating, make very pretty and inexpensive aprons.

An apron of black silk or saten, with a bright yoke embroidered or painted across the bottom, or with a flower in one corner and one on the pocket, placed on the opposite side, is durable and pretty.

Fancy towels make neat aprons if doubled down about one-fourth their length so as to show both borders, plaited to fit, and a fancy cord and tassels used as belt.

Pongee is another nice material for aprons, trim with embroidery, lace, ribbons or a combination of the three. A silk tissue called "luten" is beautiful and delicate as frost work, and makes exquisite aprons when embroidered with washing silks. Though of so fine a texture it washes nicely.

One pretty and odd apron is of fine web or piece lace, the right side hanging straight and plain, while the other side is closely plaited and trimmed with numerous long loops of white plaid-edge ribbon, which depends from the belt. —Home Magazine.

The Shop-Girls of Berlin.

Eight hundred salesgirls in Berlin belong to a union which has had remarkable success. For 10 cents a month they receive medical care, medicine, and help in getting work. The organization was started by a woman's club in that city.

God Works Through Humanity.

The ever-adorable marvel of Providence is that in the spiritual creation God does not accomplish His will by His power but through the wills of us, His children.

Come From God.

God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfume, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage and to charm his palmed steps over the burning marl. —Sydney Smith.

A Mean Insultation.

Mrs. Cumso: "I noticed to-day that the young man who boards across the street flirted with our blind girl."

Mr. Cumso (sweetly): "Why, I didn't think you capable of so much jealousy."

THE CAMP FIRE.

REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR AND MILITARY MATTERS.

An Alabama Water Buzzard—A Soldier of Fortune—Incidents and Minor Items.

An Alabama "Water Buzzard." In 1862, when Buell's army was moving East, they "cleaned up" a section of northern Alabama of pork and poultry; they had taken every thing we had in the way of pig and fowl, except an old Muscovy drake, whose age was more uncertain than an old maid's, so a member of the "hoodlums" tried to capture and confiscate his drake, when an old soldier asked:

"What are you going to do with that thing?"

"Eat it," replied smartly.

"What? eat a water buzzard?"

"Is that a water buzzard?"

"Yes," replied the old soldier.

"Well, I'll be d—d," was the remark of smartly, as he desisted.

In the autumn of '63, when the valley on the South side of Tennessee river was "foraged" out, both armies in operating through the valley, sent forage parties across the river into this county. It so happened that on one occasion when the federals sent their wagons over to this side at Bainbridge, seven miles above Florence, Ala., the rebels were below the town several miles, and receiving intelligence that the Yankees were above, concluded to capture the "Yankee lay-out." The rebels passed through town on their mission, and among them was quite a wag. Some one asked him:

"Where are you going?"

"Up above to get them Yankees."

A lady near by seeing him, said to him:

"Please bring me two pistols."

"All right," he replied, and rode off as if chased by a fury.

In the course of a couple of hours, the rebels returned in a rush. When the waggoner, riding a mule, and in the rear, as he was when he went up, hove in sight, he was accosted with:

"Where are your Yankees?"

"Back there," pointing up the road.

"When will they be in?"

"Pretty d—d quick."

"How many are there of them?"

"Oh, h—l, I didn't stop to count 'em, but there's a smart chance of 'em!"

Then, as he passed the residence of the lady she asked:

"Where are my pistols?"

The rebel answered, with a long face, "that he clean forgot 'em."

In 30 minutes there were in Florence anywhere from 500 to 1,000 of U. S. boys. Such was the fate of war.

In '64, when Hood's army was crossing on the pontoon bridge, going to Nashville, Tenn., of either Tennessee or Illinois Cavalry, I did not know which, floated down Tennessee river one dark night for the supposed purpose of cutting the bridge, but from some cause the mission failed. He hid himself in one of the boats, but a negro betrayed him. He was captured and executed. He was the "weatherbeaten trooper" that asked for information when the boys searched our old dump cart. —Bub.

Soldier of Fortune.

"In 1870," said Major Vandergrift, "I met as typical a soldier of fortune as can be imagined. I had gone on an excursion. On the boat there was dancing in the cabin, and as I stood watching the dancers I observed a man staring at me. He was a typical Southerner in appearance, tall, handsome and striking-looking. His gaze annoyed me so that I left the cabin."

"Returning again, he renewed the stare, and I finally found him standing by my side. He said: 'I beg pardon, but you don't know me, I see.' 'No,' I said, 'I don't.' 'I know you,' he replied. 'In 1861 you were a lieutenant in the Second Ohio regiment in front of Washington, weren't you?' 'Yes,' I assented. 'In '63 you were adjutant of the Second in front of Murfreesboro, Tenn.' 'Yes.' 'In the latter part of '64 you were on the Little Miami railway?' 'Yes, I said getting interested, but you've the advantage of me, for I can't recall ever seeing you.'

"I know you, you see," the stranger said, and I'll tell you a story. 'In '61 I was a boy of twenty; I was in your camp in front of Washington selling fruit and trinkets to the men. I was a confederate spy then. It '63 I was still a spy, and struck your camp at Murfreesboro. It was odd that I should get into the same camp again, but I did. There were so many officers there, you among them, whom I knew, that I feared detection and fled. The latter part of '64 I was captured—not as a spy, fortunately, but as a rebel soldier—and sent as a prisoner to Camp Chase, O. One night nine of us succeeded in escaping from prison and making our way as far as Alton, on the Little Miami, we boarded the midnight express. We were sitting together concealed as much as possible, when the door opened, and who should walk in but yourself. I told the boys the jig was up, and we jumped from the train and took to the woods. We thought you were an officer in pursuit of the fugitives. You were not? God, I wish we had known it then."

"After the war," he continued, "I drifted down into Mexico, and joined Maximilian's forces, where I was captured and came within an ace of being shot with Maximilian. From Mexico I went to South America, and fought in two or three of their revolutions. I grew tired of that, and came back to the States. I'm tired of it here, and I am off next week to enlist in the Imperial Guard, as I see Victor Emmanuel

and the pope are having trouble, and his holiness has advertised for recruits. Good-by," and he was off. It was curious that he and I should have met so frequently, and I've been rather sorry that I lost track of the fellow afterward. He was a true soldier of fortune, and there were lots like him in the war."

General Starkweather.

Gen. John C. Starkweather died at his home in Washington, recently. The General had been ill for two or three months, but his friends felt no anxiety regarding him, and he frequently visited his office for a short time once a week.

General Starkweather was born at Cooperstown, N. Y., May 11, 1830, his father being Hon. George A. Starkweather, who was for several terms a member of Congress, and afterward a Minister to one of the South American States. His education was received in the East, and he graduated from Union College. In 1852 he was married and removed to Milwaukee.

When Sumter was fired upon Captain Starkweather and his company, the Milwaukee Light Guard, of which he had been made commander, joined the First Wisconsin three months and served out his time. Going home the regiment re-enlisted, and Captain Starkweather was made Colonel of the new organization. His Light Guard going into the new regiment almost to a man. From this company four rose to the rank of general officers, twenty-one to that of colonel, eight to lieutenant-colonel, four to major, nineteen to captain, eighteen to first-lieutenant, and 23 to Second Lieutenant, making 97 out of 100 men who became officers, all of whom originally belonged to the Light Guard, a record probably not equaled during the war.

Gen. Starkweather was promoted Brigadier-General in July, 1863, but he had commanded a brigade from the time his regiment joined the Fourteenth Corps when that famous Corps was first organized. He was complimented in General Orders for the masterly handling of his brigade in the battle of Perryville, Stone River, and Chickamauga, in which battles he played a conspicuous part. He was breveted Major General "for gallant and meritorious services in the field," and commanded a division of the Fourteenth Corps. It is said of him that he had the most powerful voice of any man in the Army of the Cumberland, and that at the battle of Perryville his commands could be heard a mile over the din of battle.

After the war he returned to Milwaukee, but soon removed to Washington, where he has continued to practice his profession, being one of the ablest lawyers of the Washington bar. He was deservedly popular with both social, military, and business circles at the Capital, having been a member of many Orders, among which were the Loyal Legion, Grand Army, Garfield Guard of Honor, Knights Templar, etc.

His widow and four children survive him.

The remains were taken to Milwaukee and interred in the family lot at Forest Home cemetery.

A Rebel's Estimate of Lee's Forces.

I have found that in the different correspondence running through the National Tribune where there is question as to the number of Confederate troops who took part in the battle of Gettysburg, no two writers agree in their estimate. The following incident, which occurred during the battle of Gettysburg, may help to establish the facts in the case. Given at that time and under such circumstances, the statement is at least entitled to due consideration, for it was evidently the officer's best knowledge at that time, whatever his source of information.

My father's home in July, 1863, was situated on the Chambersburg Pike, a few miles from Gettysburg, and was inside the confederate lines during the battle, and until after the retreat of Lee's army. Gen. Pettigrew's command encamped close to our house until they were ordered into action at Gettysburg. On the evening of either June 30th or July 1st—I do not remember exactly which date—my mother gave Gen. Pettigrew and his staff officers their supper, and the latter made our house their boarding-house whenever their engagement with the Yankees at Gettysburg did not hinder their coming to meals; some one of them, however, was there every day. On July 2d, my mother asked one of these staff officers how many soldiers they had engaged in this battle. He took pencil and paper, and after a brief exercise in mathematics and a moment's reflection said, "Between 75,000 and 80,000, all told." My mother was appalled, and exclaimed, "We are lost! You will take the capital." "Well, madam," said he, "no doubt of it; but we will have some fighting to do first, for the Army of the Potomac confronts us instead of the raw militia." This latter bit of information seemed to be given for whatever satisfaction she could derive from it; it certainly was none to him. I will briefly add that on the evening of the 3d she asked one of the officers to tell her just how the battle was going. In answer he said, "We can drive them in on the right wing, and on the left wing, but (excuse my language, madam) all hell can't move their center." —Lizzie Keller.

Train Your Character.

Without steadiness of character in social life there can be no true fellowship. Accomplishments, may please, beauty may charm, fluency and grace may attract; but to win confidence and respect, to be trusted and relied upon, the man or woman must be stable in character, self-poised, true to promises, punctual, unflinching firmness to gentility and steadfastness to good nature.

FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

VALUE OF INTELLIGENT EXPERIMENTATION IN FARMING.

A Single Test Is Not Enough; It Must Be Repeated
—Farm Hints—Live Stock Items—Too Many Varieties—Yakable Points for the Agriculturist.

Value of Experiments.

In a majority of cases in order to be of practical value, experiments concerning different plans of farm management must be repeated often several times. Often because this is not done, serious mistakes are made. Often a new method of planting or cultivating is tried, not alongside of another that is being managed by the old plan, so that the test can be made by itself. If the result is favorable the plan is often taken to be an improvement without considering the other circumstances that may have influenced the result. Every year new plans or methods of fighting insect pests, that are injurious to farm, garden or fruit crops are sent out, nine-tenths of which are of no value whatever the pests appear. They work first rate where there are but few if any pests, the remedy that proved a success where there was nothing to fight, is of no value.

Because success has seemingly been obtained one year, the remedy is sent out as being reliable. The same holds good with many new plans or methods of farm work; one trial is made, and if success is obtained the method is duly recommended. Failures are but little spoken about, but if a second trial is given with better results, how quick the fact becomes known. With farm work, the real facts can only be learned by successive experiments carefully carried out. What may be a success one year under certain conditions, will often prove a failure the next under different circumstances. We have learned thoroughly that what will be a success on one kind of soil, or with one plan of planting, or cultivating, is no proof that it will answer under entirely different conditions, so that success in one locality is no criterion that it is just the thing to do in another. Varieties of fruit, grain or vegetables that thrive well and yield good crops in one locality, will prove a failure in another because the conditions are different, and in many cases, especially with grain, the second crop will give better results than the first, because the variety is becoming acclimated. New varieties often prove successful because of the extra care given. The seed has been purchased at a high price, and the farmer is disposed to sacrifice the best possible results; and because of the extra pains taken, succeeds. Another trial with average preparation and cultivation, and the results are not so satisfactory. In many cases a better plan is to make comparative tests, planting some of the new varieties along side of an old standard, one that has been fully tested; give as nearly the same soil, preparation and cultivation as possible, and save the best of each for seed and give a second trial; the results the second year while not always conclusive, may at least be instructive. In many cases more satisfactory results and considerable practical information can be secured if the same plan is followed with new methods of planting and cultivating. Farm experiments are always interesting, provided they are of such a nature as to be practical, and are conducted in such a way as to be reliable.

Farm Hints.

A paint brush is a handy implement in oiling harness. If there is no shade in the pasture put some there. It is not a good pasture without it. The buggy and tool house should not be built against the stable. Collings that have been smoked by a kerosene lamp should be washed off with soda water. Over-working butter makes it whiter as well as softer—Don't. If we breed our colts in the autumn we reduce their cost, as the mare can do team work all summer. Tan some lamb skins to put in the bottom of the carriage for warm feet. It takes the best kind of brains to make a good farmer. If you have a dull boy educate him for a profession. It is a good time to dig a well when the waters are low, for if found then the supply will be likely to be permanent. The man who grows into any special branch of farming is more likely to succeed in it than the one who goes into it. Many a fence is maintained to protect crops from stock, the combined value of which would not equal the cost of the fence. Teach the colt some useful lesson every week this winter—something that will have a bearing upon their life work. Never "brank" them. Remember that a colt is only a boy horse. If all the grain sacks are put into one and then suspended by a wire from a joist overhead, the mice will not gnaw them. The surest way to renew an old pasture is to scatter manure over it in the autumn and sow the seed right afterward. Red top and blue grass are the surest to grow and to be permanent. Leather may be blackened with the following: Powdered fine extract of logwood and bicarbonate of potash, each one ounce, in half a gallon of boiling rain water. In a corked bottle this mixture will keep safely. —Farm Journal.

Too Many Varieties.

Nearly all fruit growers plant at first mainly for home use, and often

with limited ideas as to the fitness of any one variety for their locality and market. As a consequence, when the trees come into bearing it is found that there are too many kinds, and some of these never likely to be profitable. There was wisdom in the remark of an old farmer that if he had 100 apple trees to sell the fruit, ninety-nine of them should be Baldwins. "And what should the other tree be?" he was asked. After thinking a moment, he replied, "That would be Baldwin too."

Live Stock Items.

A lazy acre of land is as costly a possession as a lazy, balky horse or a dry cow. It costs something to keep, interest on money, taxes, repair of fences, etc., and brings nothing in. A lazy acre of land always points to a lazy owner.

Sugar beets are the most valuable of all feeding roots. They contain nearly as much sugar as potatoes do starch, but as the starch in the food is always converted into sugar before it is digested, the sugar is the more valuable food. Every particle of the sugar beet is digestible and can be fed without loss when fed with hay.

A farmer should count, weigh or measure everything he buys or sells. A platform scale will save its cost in two or three years. Every time a farmer sells by guess he loses, because he cannot be as good a guesser as a buyer who is continually at it, and the odds are against him in the proportion of the more experience of the buyer.

One acre of good pea vine clover and timothy if pastured will summer one cow or one horse. But if the clover is cut and fed to the animals, the acre will summer two head. Supposing that a little more labor is required to do this, is not a saving of one half the feeding worth it when one man can thus supply thirty head of cattle?

The animal system contains seventy-five per cent. of water, the rest is solid matter; if the water is impure, seventy-five per cent. of the system becomes vitiated and as the water is dispersed through the whole system the animal becomes completely impregnated with impurities. It is not at all strange therefore that the most serious diseases are caused by impure water.

Farm Notes.

Grooming the horse aids to keep the pores of the skin open, and in this way aids materially to keep the animals in good health.

If sheep are fed on the ground they will run over and trample down more or less of their feed, and then will refuse to eat it.

In all feeding it is the food that is digested that affords the nutriment, and not the amount of food that is taken into the stomach.

By feeding bran and oil-meal to stock on the farm the objection to selling grain is partly overcome, as both these materials return to the soil almost their full value as fertilizers.

In marketing poultry quality is quite an item, and the highest prices at any season can only be realized by taking the necessary pains both in feeding and preparing for market, to have them of the best quality.

The question of profit and economy in the production of beef cattle is one that every farmer should study. They must be made ready for market as low a cost as possible, without lowering the quality of the product.

When the cow's hind legs are so close together that you cannot have full view of the udder from behind, or rub against it so as to make the udder swing backward and forward, you can depend upon it she is not correctly built for a first-class cow. The tests should be full size and set well apart, says the American Dairyman.

Beeswax.

Let me come in where you sit weeping—aye, Let me, who have not any child to die, Weep with you for the little one whose love

I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed Their pressure round your neck—the hands you used To kiss. Such arms, such hands I never know,

May I not weep with you!

Fain would I be of service—say something Between the tears that would be comfort—

But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I, Who have no child to die.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

How Stonewall Jackson Died.

Historians always stop to describe the dying of Wolfe and Montcalm, the two opposing commanders in the battle of Quebec. But their deaths were simply heroic compared with the Christian death of Stonewall Jackson.

About 1:30 on the day of his death he was told that he had about two hours to live, and he answered feebly but firmly: "Very good; it is all right."

A few moments before he died he cried out in his delirium: "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry to the front rapidly. Tell Major Hawks—" then stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished.

Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face and then he said quietly and with an expression of relief: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." And then, without pain or the least struggle, his spirit passed. —Philadelphia Press.

A Runaway.

Two trotters, small and restless, cantered off one summer day. And with them, all unwillingly, they took the baby May.

O'er meads and meadows fresh and green, with morning dew yet damp, they galloped far away from town, these ponies Trot and Tramp.

As on they sped new sights and sounds did all their thoughts beguile. Till weary quite, said Trot to Tramp, "Let's stop and rest a while."

And dropping down on velvet sward they lay, their harness lay, Nor ever gave a thought to her whom they had borne away.

But baby May was well content, and midst the grasses lay. And gathered starry daisies white, with dimpled fingers pluck. And curls of dandelion stems she in her tresses hung.

And to the winds the golden wealth of blossoms gaily flung. Refreshed and rested, Trot and Tramp once more went on their way. And with them all delighted with flowers, was merry baby May.

With spirits high, they galloped on by rill and running brook. And in and out, by crooked paths, their winding way they took.

But ere the moonlight hour had come, said Trot, in doleful mood, "I would I could but lay me down, 'tis naught I care for now."

Said Tramp to Trot, "In all my life I've ne'er so weary been as I am now. Perhaps to do as we have done is something of a sin!"

Meanwhile reigned fear and anxious thought o'er loss of baby May. For none could guess the manner strange in which she went away. Nor ever dreamed that ponies small, like tiny Tramp and Trot, Could bear away a little girl to such a far-off spot.

But while the sun was et on high, unharmed in wooded glade, Was found asleep by mossy log, a dainty little maid. And dangled from her shapely head, with half of golden sheen, Were daisies white, and wilted curls of dandelion green.

And with no room at all to spare (the oddest place to choose) Were Trot and Tramp, all safe and sound, within the maiden's shoes.

—Good Housekeeping

ALL DOUBTS DISPELLED.

"Come to me, Robert, if you ever loved me in the old days, when we were so happy together in the quiet home that I shall never see again! Ah, if I had never left it—or you! You loved me best, after all; but, then I did not believe it!"

"And the child, Robert, he bears your name, and he has your eyes, your smile! For the sake of the child, at least, come to me, for I am dying, and I must leave him in your care."

"Your unhappy wife," said she, "Eloise."

This was the note, written in a faint and faltering hand—a woman's hand, mind you!—the note that pretty little Mrs. Robert Strong picked up off the carpet of her drawing-room, where it had been dropped by her husband. In his hasty passage toward the hall and front door.

She picked it up, carelessly enough, at first. She was an honorable little lady, and would never have dreamed of ransacking her husband's private papers, or desk, or diary, as so many women would not scruple to do, if the occasion offered. Even this letter would have been laid aside till her husband's return, unread, had it not chanced to open in her hand, as she lifted it from the floor.

Her eyes fell upon the first line, and the red blood rushed instantly to her face. What woman was this, who asked Robert Strong to come to her, by the love he had once borne her years before, in the happy home she had left forever with another?

Little Mrs. Strong had a long, hard battle with herself before she could make up her mind to read that note. But she did read it at last, and having "eaten of the apple," like her golden-haired ancestress in the garden of Eden, she instantly became as unhappy as she deserved to be.

She had been a governess in a family where Mr. Strong visited. Rich, influential, and still wondrously handsome, though he confessed to fifty-seven years of age, the stately bachelor, the great "catch" of the season passed by all the fashionable belles of his acquaintance, and actually offered his hand, his heart, and his fortune, for the acceptance of the little gray-eyed governess who he had seen now and then at odd moments only, as she passed with her pupils up and down the grand staircase, or through the hall of his friend's house in—street.

Of course she took him, and became Mrs. Robert Strong as soon as possible. Yes, Mrs. Grundy was right there. Within a month of the millionaire's offer came his wedding-day; and then, after a short trip to the continent, the happy pair established themselves in Belgrave under the full glare of Mrs. Grundy's sharp and stony eye.

But one thing Mrs. Grundy never knew, and would never have believed, had you told her till you were gray. Of course the bridegroom was desperately in love with the pretty little bride. That Mrs. Grundy was quite willing to allow.

But it also happened that the bride was even more desperately in love with the bridegroom, strange as it may seem. She was twenty, and he was after-seventy, and every one would have said that she had married him for his money and his luxurious home. In reality, she thought him the handsomest, statelyst, and most agreeable man on earth. But the severely classic style of his really beautiful face; his stately form; his dignified manner; even the calm firm glance of his deep blue eyes, frightened and awed her, she knew not why. She dared not show her love for him, even when she was his wife. And so he fancied, at times that Mrs. Grundy was in the right. That his money had purchased for him a graceful and lovely woman to sit at the head of his table, and to take his arm in all places of public amusement; a woman in whose care his honor was safe; but in whose heart he had no share.

It was a sad and terrible mistake, and but for the coming of this mysterious billet-doux it might have lasted during both their lives.

Mrs. Strong, hiding that tell-tale note away, sat rocking to and fro in her own easy-chair, crying as if her heart would break.

This woman, this wretched woman! Her husband had gone to her, was with her even then. How dared he leave his wife like that. And the child! What child? whose child?

Again the red blood dyed her lovely face. They had no child. Perhaps

he might have loved her better—well, come what would, she would follow him now and know the worst. "Mrs. Grundy," since their marriage, had often whispered tales to her husband's discredit, which she had refused to hear; now she would see and judge for herself.

Going up into her own room, she summoned her maid, and confided a part of the miserable story to her, not implicating her husband in any way; but inducing the girl to provide for her the disguise of a servant's dress, and to accompany her in a cab, to the address named in the note.

Leaving the girl at the foot of the stairs the unhappy little wife stole up one flight, and listened.

A tall, bony-looking woman came out of a room opposite, with her apron to her eyes. It was the landlady of the house, who had been bidding her dying longer a last farewell, and who failed to see the intruder as she passed, weeping to her own room.

The door of the sick-room being left ajar, Mrs. Strong saw and heard without any difficulty.

On the bed lay a wasted yet beautiful woman, young and still attractive, but dying—dying fast. Beside the bed sat her husband, holding the sufferer in his arms, wiping the cold drops from her forehead with a gentle hand, and talking to her in a low tone.

"Eloise, be at rest, be at peace!" he was saying. "For our dear mother's sake I forgive you, even as she would have forgiven you, if she had lived."

"You swore that you would not, Robert!" gasped the dying woman, with a look of pain.

"Hush, dear! Forget it, as I do. I was hard, and cold, and proud in those days, and I thought I could never see you as you are now without forgiving you. But, Eloise, since then, I too have learned to love, and I know better how to pity you. The man you married was unworthy of you, but you loved him, and for years you have suffered for his sake. I honor you for it now, Eloise, as much as I blamed you once. I only wish I had found you sooner. So much suffering, of body and of mind, might have been spared if you had only written to me before."

"I was proud, too, my brother," she said, faintly. "But, Robert, what has changed you so? You are as gentle as a woman. I hardly know you now."

"I tell you that I, too, know what it is to love, Eloise," he said sadly. "I have a dear young wife, whom I treasure like the apple of my eye. She does not love me yet; she feels only gratitude towards the man who rescued her from poverty. But, one day, I hope to win her heart. Eloise, if you live—"

"I shall not live. I shall never see your wife Robert. But, my boy—"

"She shall be a mother to him, dear. She will love the child, even if she cannot love me, and he will be a link—"

Touched to the heart with contrition, the little wife retraced her steps, and summoned her servant, and drove towards home.

On the last moments of the dying she felt that she had no right to intrude. But for the living—for the living who loved her—surely she might be taking thought and care.

Two hours later, Robert Strong opened the door of his own house with a latchkey, and crossed the hall noiselessly towards his study. In his arms he bore a heavy-looking bundle. His face was pale, his manner anxious, and he looked round once or twice, as if dreading the presence of some unseen watcher, though the house was still, and all the servants had gone to bed.

Turning up the gas in his study, he laid his bundle down on the sofa, and throwing back the heavy cloak, disclosed the pretty face of a sleeping child some three or four years old. He stood looking down upon the infant for some time, with a thoughtful air.

"What will she say?" he exclaimed, at last, aloud.

And suddenly he became aware of the presence of his wife, who stood just within the study door, looking at him with a tearful, tender gaze, such as she had never dared bestow on him before.

"Say! Oh, Robert, what can she say, except that she loves you, and wishes to do, in all things, exactly as you think best," she murmured, coming nearer, with a look of timid love not to be mistaken, even by his long-blinded eyes.

His pale, calm face flushed suddenly; his deep blue eyes grew bright and full of tenderness.

"My darling, do you mean what you say?" he asked, holding her a little way from him. "Think. I have long fancied that you could not and did not love me. I am so many years older than you."

"And so many years wiser, better, dearer," she whispered. "Oh, Robert, if you had been a poor day laborer, I would have married you all the same. I never loved anyone else! Is that enough?"

He opened his arms. Blushing and smiling, she flung herself upon his breast, and their lips met in a kiss such as during all the months of their marriage they had never exchanged before.

"This child is the son of my only sister, who after my mother's death, made a secret marriage that nearly broke my heart," he said, after a long pause. "Poor Eloise died, an hour ago, in my arms, forgiven and at rest. My darling, will you love the child for her sake, and for mine? I promised her that you would be a mother to the boy."

"I will be all that you ask or wish," said the happy wife, kneeling beside her husband's chair, and laying her bright head upon his knee. "But now, I, too, have something for you to forgive."

And she told him the story of the strange letter; the story of her jealousy, and of its sudden and final cure. He heard her in silence to the end, and then he raised her to his heart once more.

"You will go with me to see poor Eloise buried, my love," he said, with a gentle kiss.

AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE.

An Exciting Experience in a Lumber Camp—"Chopping Him Down."

For myself, I was "chopped down" once, and once only. It happened in this way. In the midwinter of 1876, I had occasion to visit the chief camp of the Little Madawaska. Coming from the city, and to a camp where I was a stranger to all the men, I was not naturally regarded as a pronounced specimen of the greenhorn. I took no pains to tell any one what the boss already well knew, that is, that I had been a frequent visitor of the camp from my boyhood. Many and many a neat trap was laid for my apparently "tender" feet, but I avoided them all as if by accident. As for climbing a tree, I always laughed at the idea when it was proposed to me. I always suggested that it might spoil my clothes. Before long the men, by putting little things together, came to the conclusion that I was an old stager; and, rather sheepishly, they gave over their attempt to entrap me. Then I graciously waved my hand, as it were, and was frankly received as a veteran, cleared from every suspicion of being green.

At last the day came when I did wish to climb a tree. The camp was on a high plateau, and not far off towered a magnificent pine tree, growing out of the summit of a knoll in such a way as to command all the surrounding country. Its branches were phenomenally thick; its girth of trunk was magnificent. And this tree I resolved one day to climb, in order to get a clear idea of the lay of the land. Of course I stroiled off surreptitiously, and, as I thought, unwatched. But there I was much mistaken. No sooner was I two-thirds of the way up the tree than, with shouts of laughter, the lumbermen rushed out of the surrounding cover and proceeded to chop me down. The chance was too good for them to lose.

I concealed my annoyance, and made no attempt to descend. On the contrary, I thanked them for the little attention and climbed a few feet higher up, to secure a position which I saw would be a safe one for me when the tree should fall. As I did so I perceived with a gasp and a tremor, that I was not alone in the tree.

There, not ten feet above me stretched at full length along a large branch, was a huge panther, glaring with rage and terror. From the men below his form was quite concealed. Glancing restlessly from me to my pursuers, the brute seemed uncertain just what to do. As I carefully refrained from climbing any further up, and tried to assume an air of not having observed him, he apparently concluded that I was not his worst enemy. In fact, I dare say he understood what was going on and realized that he and I were fellow-sufferers.

I laughed softly to myself as I thought how my tormentors would be taken back when that panther should come down among them. I decided then, considering the numbers, there would be at least no more danger for them than that to which they were exposing me in their reckless fooling. And, already influenced by that touch of nature which makes us so wondrous kind, I began to hope that the panther would succeed in making his escape.

The trunk of the pine was so thick that I might almost have reached the ground before the choppers could cut it through. At last it gave a mighty shudder and sagged to one side. I balanced myself on the upper side, steadily myself by a convenient branch. The great mass of foliage, presenting a wide surface to the air, made the fall comparatively slow one; but the tremendous sweep of the draught upward, as the tree-top described its gigantic arc, gave me a sickening sensation. Then came the final dull and thunderous crash, and—in an instant, I found myself standing in my place, jarred but unhurt, with the snow threshed up all about me.

The next instant there was another roar, or rather a sort of screaming yell, overwhelming the riotous laughter of the woodsman; and out of the confusion of pine-branches shot the tawny form of the panther in a whirlwind of fury. One of the choppers was in his path, and was bowled over like a clumsy nine-pin. The next bound brought the beast on to the backs of a yoke of oxen, and his cruel claws severely scratched the oxen's necks. As the poor animals bellowed and fell on their knees, the panther paused, with some idea apparently, of flinging the whole assembled party. But as the men, recovering from their first amazement, rushed with their axes to the rescue of the oxen, the panther saw that the odds were all against him. He turned half round and greeted his enemies with one terrific and strident snarl, then bounded off into the forest at a pace which made it idle to pursue him. The owner of the oxen hurried an ax after him, but the missile flew wide of its mark.—Charles G. D. Roberts, in St. Nicholas.

Thought He Was Paralyzed.

The following incident is related of a Brooklyn clergyman, who is now the President of a college in another State: He was a jolly good fellow when he lived in a boarding-house here, and in his off hours was accustomed to join in with the other good fellows of the house at a friendly game of whist or a smoke. One evening when he was out at service, two of the ways of the establishment remembered that it was his invariable habit upon returning home to doff his roundabout vest and clerical coat, put on an old smoking-jacket and encaze his feet in a pair of morocco slippers, which latter always occupied the same position on his bed-room floor preparatory to his coming. Accordingly, they firmly nailed these slippers to the floor, and awaited results in the next room. Presently the domestic returned. They heard him moving about; they heard the thud of his shoes as they were taken and thrown down, and then all was silence. They peered cautiously in, and there beheld the young clergyman standing in his slippers, his face as white as a sheet, and a look of horror upon it, his eyes staring straight ahead. The slight was too much for them, but they managed to suppress their laughter, and ask

in a tone of amazement what the matter was. "Matter," he gasped "there is matter enough boys, I'm paralyzed and can't move hand or foot. For mercy's sake help me." The man did actually, such is the force of imagination, believe he was paralyzed for a moment or two, but he finally set 'em up in a manner appropriate to his calling by buying cigars for the crowd.

SHE WASHED THE STEPS.

The Heiress of Millions Is Not Afraid of Labor.

Florence Blythe, besides being a damsel of exceedingly novel ideas, bids fair to become, like Beautiful Bertha, "a model for housewives."

Saturday afternoon she paid a visit to her mother, Mrs. Julia Ashcroft, who resides in a very modest flat at No. 937 Guerrero street. But Florence was not of the opinion that it was incumbent upon her to fold her hands and sit idle while her mother was busy, so the little heiress took a pair of soap-suds and a rag such as an ordinary girl who is not an heiress to millions would use, and proceeded to scrub the back steps.

A representative of the Examiner, who happened to be in the house next door, recognized her, and thinking it rather strange that a "mild so rich" should stoop to wash steps, accosted her.

"Beg pardon," said the reporter, "but isn't washing the back stairs rather an unusual proceeding for a girl who is negotiating for the purchase of such a mansion as Miramonte?"

She blushed slightly, then sat down and laughed heartily.

"Well, yes," she answered, "perhaps it is rather unusual. Indeed, I think it is a little too rare, at least among girls who haven't quite a million. It seems to me that if a good many girls would do just as I am, they would be a good deal better in health, and it wouldn't hurt them a bit, either."

"Then you believe in housework?" the reporter asked.

"Indeed I do. I believe that every woman, be her income \$10 a month or \$10,000, ought to learn and practice all the household arts. Why, it ought to be one of the chief aims of an American girl's education to make a true housewife out of herself; don't you think so?"

The reporter expressed no opinion as to this subject, but asked in reply: "Do you intend washing the stairs at Miramonte, Miss Blythe?"

"I do if they need it, and I haven't anything better to do at the time. This idea that hot suds and a rag are beneath a girl because she happens to be a little wealthier than her working sister does not suit me at all."

"But are you not afraid it will make your hands rough?"

"Not a bit of it," she answered sturdily, "and if it does it will be no honorable roughness. I would much rather my hands were thickened from respectable toil than lily-white from idleness."—San Francisco Examiner.

Sundering the Tie on the Spot.

City Justices of the Peace have plenty of opportunity to study human nature, particularly colored human nature.

A colored couple walked into Justice Sheftall's office and in one breath both asked the Justice for a divorce. "They were evidently man and wife, but were anxious to break the tie which bound them. The Justice let the couple tell their story out of curiosity. It was a tale of conjugal infidelity and mutual dissatisfaction.

The man got in his story first. He said: "You see, Judge, I meet this woman in Beaufort and I marry her. Dat's six years ago. We lib tergethder one year and den we separate. We stay parted two years, and den we come tergethder again. We lib tergethder awhile and den we part again. We no 'gree on nuttin'."

I get me number women, she get her number man. Bluey I came to Savannah and I find her here and we get tergethder again. I try to lib wid dat woman. I work and I sport her. Last night I work hard all night and I come home early dis mornin'."

When I open de door I see a long yaller-looking nigger dere. I say to my wife, I say, 'Woman, what dis mean?' 'Bout dat time dat nigger jump out and get troo de window and carry de cash wid him. I quire of my wife what dat all mean. She say, 'He my brudder just come from Charleston last night.' I know dat's a lie and we hab some jars. We 'gree to come up and get you to 'vorce us. 'Taint no use tryin' to lib tergethder. It's just de same old wrangle all de time."

"Dat nigger is a liar, Judge," spoke up the woman. "He can't tell de truth, now, and I want to be 'vored from him."

Justice Sheftall explained that he was not allowed by law to divorce couples, but seeing that they were agreed together that they never could agree, he told them to go to a lawyer and put the case in his hands.

The last seen of the couple they were going down Bryan street. Marriage was certainly a failure in their case.—Savannah (Ga.) News.

Costly Dinner for a Colt.

A costly dinner was that which a Connecticut farmer furnished a colt the other day. While mowing the farmer hung his vest on a fence. In the vest was a gold watch and chain and several hundred dollars in money. At dinner-time he went to get his vest, but it was gone. In the next lot was a handsome object, and he noticed a queer-looking object in the colt's mouth. Going nearer he found that the animal was quietly masticating a \$50 greenback. He snatched it away and began a vigorous search. Scattered about in various places he found about half of the money, mixed up with dirt and corn and trampled into the turf by the colt's hoofs. Further search disclosed something shining in a small heap. It was the end of his chain, and pulling it out he found his watch under three inches of loose dirt. Beyond being slightly scratched and dented it had sustained no injury. He found portions of his vest, also, but not enough to pay for repairs.

Mr. Gladstone makes it a rule never to travel Sunday.

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Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life
And a woman's wonderful love?
Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing

MR. DUMPTY'S IDEAL.



But that night, just as he was falling asleep, a remembrance of the insinuating perfume returned to him. He wondered whose check it was, and regretted not having looked at the signature. And many times during the succeeding weeks he paused as he was making entries in the ledger to think whether the haunting perfume was rose or violet, or mignonette? Not rose—of that was he sure. And in these moments vague emotions were astir; hopes dead long ago or hopes that had not been born, shadows of dead dreams—dreams he had dreamt or might have dreamt. The world that swims below the waves of consciousness was in motion. Nor had its pulsations died wholly away, been driven back into the nether depths of his unconsciousness by these very rule of his daily life, when the same delicious odor, which he now recognized as heliotrope, came and took him again with its entire sweetness. He sought for it amid the bundle of checks which

Dumpty seemed quite unaffected by his dismissal; he appeared to experience a sense of relief. He left the bank smiling, thinking of Henrietta bestowing no thought on his want of means. He did not even think of providing himself with funds by the sale of some of the jewelry he had

And They Moved.

"If you have had experience you may speak, brother," said the presiding officer.

"I have had experience. My father was sick with the asthma for fifteen years, and he was finally brought to pray for his recovery. (Intense interest manifested among the hearers.) He prayed fifty years and (emphatically) he died of the asthma."

Hysterical laughter among urdians on rear seats and consternation among the leaders.—*Buffalo Courier.*

MOHAMMED'S "EARTHLY PARADISE" AS SEEN BY TALMAGE.

Jordan. The river Jordan is much of the year a muddy stream and is never so clear as this River Abana, that I hear rumbling under my window tonight, nor as the river Pharpar that we crossed today. They are as clear as though they had been sieved through some especial sieve of the mountains. General Naaman had great patriotic pride in these two rivers of his own country, and when Elisha the prophet told him that if he wanted to get rid of his leprosy he must go and wash in the Jordan

To each of this vast multitude of authors I say as Ananias did to Saul of Tarsus when his sympathetic fingers touched the closed eyelids: "Brother Saul! Brother Saul! the Lord, even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way that thou camest hath sent me that thou mightest receive sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost!"

The population of the United States is given as 62,622,250 by Porter.

Genuine wit in a man is almost always genial.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Lily Post will not sing next season, but will enjoy private life in her Denver home.

The romantic marriage of Carlotta Rice, daughter of E. E. Rice, and young Mr. Post, has culminated in the divorce court.

Theresa Vaughn has been engaged to sing in "The Gondoliers" with D'Oyly Carte's London company. She and her husband, W. A. Mestayer, sailed for Europe a few days since.

Marion Roles, who was seen with Rhea in "Josephine, Empress of the French," has left the company and is seeking a divorce from her husband, William H. Hatch.

On his arrival at Bucksport with "Old Jod Prouty" Richard Golden was tendered an ovation by the citizens. The town was illuminated, salutes were fired, and he was made the recipient of a handsome silver water pitcher.

Maud Blanks is presenting "Joan of Arc" to Massachusetts audiences with a French company and in the French language. Miss Blanks has written a comedy entitled "A Modern Marriage," which has been highly recommended.

Lillian Russell, who has distanced all competitors in the "beauty contest," is declared by Von Minow to be the only woman who can sing the chromatic scale correctly and to be besides the most beautiful singer on the operatic stage.

At Minneapolis recently suit was brought against Fanny Davenport by a member of her company to recover \$10,000 damages for libel. When Fanny entered the witness box and was asked her age she evaded the question by saying she had been on the stage for twenty years.

Miss Inez Carusi, the harpist, who is accompanying Strauss on his American tour, is a native of Baltimore but of Italian descent. She has a fine dramatic soprano voice and has frequently appeared in public in her native city. She has been a pupil of Del Puente.

Carmenita, the Spanish dancer, now the rage in New York, can neither read nor write. *Blossy Krality* has brought suit to restrain her from performing under any other management but his. He claims to have taken her from an obscure circus, contracted with her for \$150 per week, and advertised her extensively. Under pretense of going to Philadelphia to nurse her sick husband she began an engagement with Koster & Blat, which Krality is trying to have canceled.

SOME GOOD SNAKE STORIES.

A Sedalia, Mo., editor was presented with a snake lately. When it arrived it was whole, but in a day or two it unjointed itself and is now in three pieces. The moral of this paragraph is to shun the first glass.

While two ladies and a gentleman were out riding at St. Augustine, Fla., a day or two ago, a huge blacksnake fell from a limb of an overhanging tree upon the top of the carriage. The same crawled down into the carriage by the side of one of the ladies. She screamed and the snake slid down the side of the vehicle and made for the palm-tree bushes. The driver alighted at it with his whip and secured as a trophy a piece of the snake's tail.

Judge Bailey of Jackson, Ga., while fishing saw a monster moccasin swimming by. Thinking it was a sea serpent the judge attempted to harpoon him with a hook. Making an artistic cast he succeeded in hooking the monster through the body. Then it was "pull Dick, pull Dave—" we mean pull snake, pull judge. At last the snake made a dash at the log upon which the judge was standing, when the legal luminary took to the water, yelling for help. He was at last rescued by his friends and his snakeship was killed.

Two lads, aged 13 and 14, living near Carrollton, Ohio, were taking a horse to pasture, on Mr. Thomas' farm, and as they were about to scroto the bridge until their return they discovered two large blacksnakes, one of which the lads succeeded in killing, while the other took refuge in a hollow log. The next day the father of the boys visited the place and cutting into the log discovered and killed the other snake. Each of the reptiles measured six feet and inside of the first one killed were found fourteen pheasant eggs.

D. J. Guyton, living at Carrollville, Ga., killed a snake upon peculiar circumstances. His cow had failed to come up at the usual time and he went out in search for her. After a long hunt he found the animal in a field, and when he attempted to drive her home he was surprised to find her surrounded by a large snake. The snake was a large one, the head of which was about the size of a man's head. The snake was coiled around the cow, and the cow was in a state of panic. The snake was killed by the use of a gun.

Just and Economical.

(From "Farm, Field, and Stockman.")
The action of the recent convention of the F. M. B. of Illinois, endorsing the Padlock Pure Food Bill, representing the ideas of 50,000 practical farmers, will have great weight with the next Congress. As I have pointed out at St. Louis recently, the endorsement of the Padlock Pure Food Bill, this shows that the farmers are waking up. There is no question but that the breadth and scope of the Padlock Bill, put it far ahead of any similar measure which Congress has yet discussed, and removes the objectionable feature of class legislation, which the Conger Pure Food Bill is open to. It makes no difference whether the Bill favors farmer or laborer, banker or manufacturer. It favors the honest and the clean, and the pure and the good. It is a measure which commands the respect of the people. Another thing which commends the Padlock Bill to the farmer is the economy of its working. Instead of an army of revenue officials, which the Conger Bill calls for, the inspection of food is put where it belongs, in the Agricultural Department. A practical common sense rule to all the requirements of the Bill, which points to the fact that it originated in the Farmers' Alliance, of Nebraska, and not in a Boston millionaire's manufacturer's office, such as is said to have fathered the Conger Bill.

OLD CHOCOLATE'S CHAT.

Hammerin' makes suflin' mo' on sound.
A-many dat he's make laws ho'p break um.
Honesty an' good, an' lalkwise a padlock on do do.
Do oldah o man do less he risk boin' foun' out w'en ho lles.
Ef yo' tie a hand knot in a hurry yo' all wish yo' tuk yo' time.
Ef yo' know w'at te do wid yo han's an' feet swimmin' or easy.
Do fastah a nag kin trabble do mo' dar an dat ud lalk too drive um.
A nabal's pig may grunt loudah an yo'n, but yo' pig's grunt or mo' lalk music.—Puck.

THE FAMILY SCRAP BASKET.

A bag of charcoal hung in the cistern will purify the water.

It is said that American gingerbread is becoming popular in England.

Can American genius invent a pot for boiling cabbage without performing the neighborhood?

The man or woman who cannot decide which of two things to do is not likely to do either very effectively.

Content and indolence are quite different qualities, but it is not always easy to distinguish between them.

Water solutions are difficult to mix with vaseline, but it is said this difficulty can be overcome by means of a little castor oil.

Silver-link purses for ladies' use are now made long, with an opening in the center to close with rings, like the netted silk purses.

Lamp chimneys are easily cleaned by holding them over the steam from a teakettle, rubbing them with a soft cloth and polishing with paper.

It is one of the easiest things in the world to get into debt, but debt is one of the hardest matters to serve, and one of the most difficult to escape.

Damp tea leaves, scattered over the carpet before sweeping, will not only prevent the rising of dust, but will brighten the color of the carpet.

If a stove is burned red and the blacking won't stick to it, put a little fat fried from salt pork into the water you dissolve your blacking in, and try again.

It is a fallacy to suppose that the cravings of a patient are mere whims, which should be denied. The stomach often needs, craves, and digests articles not found in any dietary.

Flowers can be kept fresh for some time if a pinch of soda or saltpetre is added to the water. Withered roses will regain their freshness if dipped a moment or two in hot water.

For removing varnish, spirits of ammonia is used. Scraping and sandpapering can be employed, but it must be done carefully by experienced hands, or the surface of the wood will be injured.

The name "Johnny cake" is said to be derived from "journey cake," because emigrants journeying from New England to the West were obliged to bake their Indian meal cakes in the ashes of their camp-fires.

Jewelry can be beautifully cleaned by washing in soap-suds, in which a few drops of spirits of ammonia are stirred, shaking off the water and laying in a box of dry sawdust. This method leaves no marks or scratches.

A Western man is said to have invented a machine for putting on wall paper. If the average housewife can operate the thing, and do away with the average paper-hanger—blessed will be that man's name among women.

"Oh dear," said little May, as she sat down to the breakfast table, rubbing her blue eyes with her dimpled fists. "I wish, if grandpa is always going to sleep so loud as he did last night, he could have a room way off from mine. He kept me awake hours an' hours."

Gresno may be removed from white marble by applying a mixture of two parts washing soda, one part ground pumice-stone and one part chalk, all first finely powdered and made into a paste with water; rub well over the marble and finally wash off with soap and water.

A high medical authority says nothing so quickly restores tone to exhausted nerves, and strength to a weary body, as a bath containing an ounce of aqua ammonia to each pailful of water. It makes the flesh firm and smooth, as marble, and renders the body pure and free from all odors.

The following is the only verse in the Bible that contains the alphabet: "And I, even I, Artaxerxes, the King, do make a decree to all the treasures which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Ezra, the priest, the scribe of the law of the God of heaven, shall require of you, it be done speedily."—Ezra vii, 21.

The Princess of Wales not only had her three daughters taught to ride in left and right saddle-seats, but also to make bread and butter. One hour a day the princesses devote to housekeeping, donning white aprons, made with Esher's sleeves and girdled with an old silver chain, to which the keys of the house are attached.

"All is not gold that glitters," nor is everything brass that discolors. A person wearing a 1-carat ring on one finger and a 10-carat ring on another may have noticed that the finger with higher carat will be discolored and the other not. The reason is that the ring of the lower carat fits snugly and the other is rather loose, thus causing friction.

The teachings of our American homes as to the laws of health, is miserably defective, and it is not less so in the homes of wealth and cultivated intelligence than in those of ignorance and narrow means. There is an indifference, a parental ignorance, a mauveish honte—a bad shame, which is silent and unobtrusive when it ought to be watchful and speak.

A stew usually has vegetables and dumplings cooked with the meat. A haricot of mutton or any other meat is a stew with the meat and vegetables out. The stew of a haricot, bean, a ragout is a stew highly flavored with wine. A salmi is a stew of game. A chowder is a stew of fish. A fricassee is a form of stewing where the meat is fried or browned in fat, either before or after stewing, and is usually served without vegetables. A pot-pie is a stew with the dough put on as a crust. Braising is a form of stewing, usually done in a covered pan in the oven. It gives a richer, stronger flavor than that obtained by stewing over the fire.

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS.

That women who paint their faces are always open to suspicion.

That among fashionable people appearances are more deceptive than ever.

That business in the criminal courts increases with the revival of "the races."

That the politicians who go abroad are very wisely discouraging "sound-offs."

That the date line is about the only reliable thing in some of the newspapers.

That in suing fashionable people a good deal of expense is needlessly incurred.

That the social progress of some Americans in London is largely in newspapers.

That, in the line of catchpenny entertainment, the "annual benefit" takes the lead.

That college students of to-day are too much given to "rudimental dissipation."

That an incomplete education and superciliousness are always found to go together.

That those best informed about European affairs are going about predicting war.

That foreigners ridicule the gay attire of the women in this country in the streets.

That men who cannot pay their household bills have no business to belong to clubs.

That "other men's wives" continue to be responsible for a deal of domestic misery.

That, as might have been expected, the immoral novels no longer find a paying sale.

That the girl who walks without swinging her arms is entitled to "honorable mention."

That there is one thing money cannot do, and that is make a person refined and genteel.

That an American gentleman for a husband is more to be desired than a dozen counts.

That the masculine girl seems to delight to make her actions correspond with her dress.

That the girl of the period's beauty of face and form exceed her qualities of mind and heart.

That it never does to tell the driver of a dog cart that he is not as nice looking as his groom.

That business men are wisest who dismiss clerks who are habitues of the race track.

DOGS AS GIFTS.

For stock broker, speculator or investor in contingencies of any kind get a pointer.

The same kind of a dog also goes well with a punctuator.

For a compositor get a setter.

For military men, a dog of war.

For a man who has lost his fortune, a retriever.

For a balloonist, a Sky terrier.

For a pedestrian, a lap-dog.

Physicians' prescriptions have failed to reach many cases of rheumatism known to have been subsequently cured by Salvation Oil. That is the reason why the popular voice is practically unanimous in its favor. One bottle is usually sufficient.

Man is generally a fool up to forty years of age, at which time he arrives at the conclusion that he knows very little anyway.

"Oh speak, ye ghosts of the dead, and say what killed you?" The answer came, borne on the fierce east wind: "Cold! cold! cold!" Then let us be thankful that since then we have Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Over 18,000 pupils were flogged in the Boston schools last year. The Boston schools seem to be given mostly to "manual training."

Is it economy to save a few cents buying a cheap soap or strong washing powder, and lose dollars in ruined, rotted clothes? If not, use Dobbins' Electric Soap, white as snow, and as pure. Ask your grocer for it.

It's hard to find castor oil—that is, it is hard to take it in.

Use Brown's Bronchial Trochies for Coughs, Colds and all other Throat Troubles—Pre-eminently the best.—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

If you see anybody more polite and affable than usual nowadays, ask him what he's running for.

Garfield Ten acts on the blood, renovating the entire system; cures Constipation; brings the hue of health back to faded cheeks.

We live in haste; we have eternity for repentance.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Readers will find it to their interest to apply for information regarding La. Reine Park, Florida, advertised in this issue. The facts are reliable.

Even the laziest of men can usually see some work that some other fellow ought to do.

At twenty we know, at thirty we think, at forty we give up.

M. N. P. Co., CHICAGO VOL. V.—No. 50.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only safe, pure, and reliable pills for sale. Ladies, at Druggists or Cashiers. Each box contains 10 pills. Price 25c. per box. All pills in packages are guaranteed to be genuine. Do not be deceived by cheap imitations. Sold by all Local Druggists.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

S'JACOBS OIL

CURES PERMANENTLY SCIATICA. LUMBAGO.

N. Ordien, Mich., May 17, 1890.
"My brother—Rev. Samuel Porter, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of excruciating sciatic pains in his thigh."
J. M. L. PORTER.
E. J. ISHARA.

IT IS THE BEST.

PROF. S. V. R. FORD, Discoverer of "HOPE FOR THE BALD." (Trade Mark.) Hair Restorer and Restorer. Samples of Information and Testimonials mailed on receipt of stamp.

"Hope For The Bald"

Is endorsed by The Albany (N. Y.) Chemical Co.; Hon. John T. Benson, Ex-Mayor of Albany, N. Y.; Dr. Wm. M. Davis, Gloversville, N. Y.; F. W. Hoffman, Druggist, Albany, N. Y.; and many prominent physicians throughout the country who have tested its value. Price \$1 per bottle or six bottles for \$5, by express. Address PROF. S. V. R. FORD, No. 40 North Pearl Street, Albany, N. Y. Special price to the Trade.

SEAL SKINS FINE FURS

We are the oldest established fur house in the west and carry a tremendous stock of all kinds of furs. Call on us when in the city or write us for catalogue. We make a specialty of Seal Garments, Gentlemen's Fur Overcoats, Robes, Caps, Gloves, Cuffs, Etc. We also buy all kinds of raw furs. Write for price list. Mention this paper, or THE WOLF FURRIER, of Washington St., Chicago.

WOOD BROTHERS, Live Stock Commission Mch's, UNION STOCK YARDS, CHICAGO.

Branches: CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, ST. CINCINNATI, ST. CLEVELAND, ST. PITTSBURGH, ST. PHILADELPHIA, ST. BALTIMORE, ST. WASHINGTON, ST. NEW YORK, ST. BOSTON, ST. PHOENIX, ST. SAN FRANCISCO, ST. LOS ANGELES, ST. PORTLAND, ST. SEATTLE, ST. SPOKANE, ST. BUTTE, ST. SALT LAKE, ST. DENVER, ST. KANSAS CITY, ST. ST. LOUIS, ST. CINCINNATI, ST. CLEVELAND, ST. PITTSBURGH, ST. PHILADELPHIA, ST. BALTIMORE, ST. WASHINGTON, ST. NEW YORK, ST. BOSTON, ST. PHOENIX, ST. SAN FRANCISCO, ST. LOS ANGELES, ST. PORTLAND, ST. SEATTLE, ST. SPOKANE, ST. BUTTE, ST. SALT LAKE, ST. DENVER, ST. KANSAS CITY, ST. ST. LOUIS, ST. CINCINNATI, ST. CLEVELAND, ST. PITTSBURGH, ST. PHILADELPHIA, ST. BALTIMORE, ST. WASHINGTON, ST. NEW YORK, ST. BOSTON, ST. PHOENIX, ST. SAN FRANCISCO, ST. LOS ANGELES, ST. PORTLAND, ST. SEATTLE, ST. SPOKANE, ST. BUTTE, ST. SALT LAKE, ST. DENVER, ST. KANSAS CITY, ST. ST. LOUIS, ST. CINCINNATI, ST. CLEVELAND, ST. PITTSBURGH, ST. PHILADELPHIA, ST. BALTIMORE, ST. WASHINGTON, ST. NEW YORK, ST. BOSTON, ST. PHOENIX, ST. SAN FRANCISCO, ST. LOS ANGELES, ST. PORTLAND, ST. SEATTLE, ST. SPOKANE, ST. BUTTE, ST. SALT LAKE, ST. DENVER, ST. KANSAS CITY, ST. ST. LOUIS, ST. CINCINNATI, ST. CLEVELAND, ST. PITTSBURGH, ST. PHILADELPHIA, ST. BALTIMORE, ST. WASHINGTON, ST. NEW YORK, ST. BOSTON, ST. PHOENIX, ST. SAN FRANCISCO, ST. LOS ANGELES, ST. PORTLAND, ST. SEATTLE, ST. SPOKANE, ST. BUTTE, ST. SALT LAKE, ST. DENVER, ST.

THE ANTIOCH WEEKLY NEWS,
PUBLISHED BY
J. J. BURKE,
From the Press of the Antioch News.

Advertisers will find the above four leading weeklies, the best Advertising medium, in Northern Illinois.

RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION.
Address the Publisher, at Antioch, Illinois.

Gov. Hill of New York has thus early declared his intention to make a fight for the presidential nomination in 1892. The Gov. has many friends in the democratic ranks, and a few enemies too.

PICTURES and statuary have no political influence, yet many of our congressmen are ready at all times to vote to appropriate money for such things. Congress is not educated up to such a point that it is necessary for it to provide such luxuries for itself.

It now transpires that the thrashing machine manufacturers have been busy for some time past forming a combine or trust. A temporary organization has been effected and articles of incorporation will soon be filed. The combine will have a capital stock of at least \$20,000,000.

OWING to the defiant attitude assumed by the Indians it is not very likely that a peaceful settlement between them and the government can be arrived at. Troops have been steadily moving forward and a fight as tough and important as any in Indian history will probably result.

FARMER'S Alliance rumors are thicker around Washington than Congressmen, many of them of the wildest and most improbable nature. One of the most interesting of them is that in the event of the failure of this Congress to provide for the free coinage of silver and for reciprocity, the Alliance is to nominate Mr. Blaine for the Presidency on a platform of "free coinage and reciprocity".

THE many poker sharks throughout the country are wild over the report that Kalkana the famous poker player who, is also king of the Sandwich Islands, is about to make a trip through the United States, traveling incognito. The ducky monarch usually brings with him, where ever he goes, about \$300,000 "poker money" and it is said that for several years past his annual losses at poker have averaged \$60,000.

THE well known and wealthy board of trade man, B. P. Hutchinson of Chicago, is an enthusiastic devotee of the harmless little game "seven up" and sometimes wagers quite a little sum on the game. He has one bad failing and that is a chronic disinclination to pay his bets when he loses. In consequence of this he is now compelled to stand suit for the recovery of \$10,000 which a certain other broker claims to have won from him recently on a game of cards.

MUCH anxiety is being felt from the safety of the European residents in the portions of China recently devastated by the floods. In consequence of the lack of food and shelter the Celestials have become desperate and threaten to massacre and plunder the European residents and then march to Peking to demand relief. The French and American war ships at Peking have taken measures for the protection of the Europeans should the Chinese attempt to put their threats into execution.

ON the 18th of November another formidable cruiser was launched for the "Uncle Sam's" navy. This time it was the much talked of steel armored vessel that will hereafter be known as the "Maine." Work on the Maine was commenced Sept. 10th 1888. The dimensions of the vessel are as follows: length over all 324 ft. 4 1/2 in.; on load line 318 ft. 3 in.; extreme beam 57 ft. displacement 6,082 tons. The estimated speed is 17 knots per hour and she will rank as an armored cruiser of the first class. The cost of the entire structure will be about two and one half millions of dollars.

In view of the recent accident to the Alert, one of "Uncle Sam's" formidable war ships, it is not surprising that the naval committee urges the rapid completion of the cruisers now in course of construction. Should "Uncle Samuel" become engaged in a naval duel on mid Atlantic, and were the boilers of a few of his war ships to fall through the floor, as quickly as did those of the Alert, it would be rather embarrassing to the old gentleman and he probably would want to declare the fight off. Had the Alert been in the water, instead of on dry dock, at the time of the accident, the heavy boilers would have gone through the bottom of the vessel in a much quicker time than could the most improved dynamite contrivance of the present day.

COUNTY SEAT ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

The residence of J. J. Page on County street was recently sold for \$2,500.

The Lucas place on South State St. was sold to Lawrence Mastenson for \$3,500.

James Jamieson, the new County Treasurer entered upon the duties of his office last Wednesday.

The outside of the immense Starch Works is completed, and a big force of men are at work on the interior.

Chas. Whitney has purchased the Deacon place at the southwest corner of Julian and West streets, for \$2,350.

The Grand Army Camp-fire will take place next Friday evening. A lady vocalist from Chicago will be one of the attractions.

A new building has been erected by Mr. Steinkamp on Market St. below the bluff. The first story will be used for a store.

Dec. 1st. Albert Kortum, son of the mason contractor of the Starch Works, and Miss Mary Thorpe were married by Esquire Erskine.

Fortunately the brick layers got the 100 foot chimney of the Chicago Safe and Lock Works nearly completed before the snow storm.

The Western Union Telegraph office is now in running order. All commercial telegraph business will be done at this office instead of at the depot.

The new round house for the Northwestern R. R. Co. is nearly completed. The same company have put in some new cattle yards near the round house.

Last Thursday Hon. B. H. Campbell of Chicago suddenly disappeared. He was president of the Safe and Lock Company of Waukegan. His whereabouts is being diligently sought for.

Prof. A. B. Severance met with sufficient encouragement while here last Monday night, for the purpose of forming a dancing class, to induce him to come again.

A local telephone exchange is among the latest prospective improvements for Waukegan. Some of our best business men do not doubt its coming soon as it has already been taken seriously in hand.

Hugh Gillen having thoroughly repaired the pile driver used in constructing the harbor breakwaters at this place, started on Tuesday last for his home in Grand Haven. He will return about March 1st and begin a season's work on harbor improvements.

SILVER LAKE NEWS.

Fred Schenning and Walt Van Wic took a trip to Burlington Saturday.

Leslie Just puts on style with his new cutter.

Mr. J. Minnis and son Leslie took a trip to Kenosha Saturday.

Mrs. A. Wicks and Don spent Sunday in Bristol.

Prof. Schermerhorn held school at the lake one day last week.

They are talking of putting up a new store over near Petersons.

If you want to learn the age of your horse call on H. G. Smith.

Mrs. John Jones of Paris visited her daughter Mrs. R. Dixon Saturday.

Miss Annie Clark is spending her two weeks vacation visiting relatives and friends in Chicago.

Charlie Foster commenced work in the telegraph office at the lake Monday. Mr. Allen can have quite a rest now.

The boys have been patiently waiting and watching for Herman Karow and bride to move into their new home.

Miss Lizzie Hellier of Salem and Mr. Charley Dyson of High Street were married at the home of the bride Dec. 10.

Mr. H. Karow and Miss Agusta Kunkle were married Tuesday, Dec. 2nd. Also there was a couple married at Mr. Smalfelts on the same day. We failed to learn their names at present writing.

CAMP LAKE.

Mr. Harris visited friends here this week.

Mrs. Smith has returned to Chicago.

Mr. Lamb's store is nearly completed.

Miss Kittie McGinty spent Saturday with friends here.

The ice company on upper Camp lake is erecting a boarding house for their men.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR. GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

Washington, D. C. Dec. 6, 1890.

Public notice is hereby given under Section 2455, and the decision of the Honorable Acting Secretary of the Interior of May 7, 1890, that Watts Island, in Pistakee Lake, section 4, township 45 north, range 9 east, Third Principal Meridian, Illinois, containing 17.75 acres, will be offered at public sale to the highest bidder at the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., on Saturday January 24, 1891, at eleven o'clock, A. M. The offering and sale will be made subject to the rights of William Watts, the applicant for the survey of the Island to remove such of his improvements on the land as can be severed from the realty, and to any other rights on his part that on further investigation should be protected by the Government.

LEWIS A. GROFF,
Commissioner and ex-officio Register
and Receiver, Act of March 3, 1877.

MISS ADDIE SHAFFER,
Invites the Ladies of Antioch and vicinity to call and inspect her new line of

WINTER MILLINERY.

Prices Always Reasonable.
Everything New and of the Latest Styles.
Shop in Foltz Store,
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.



FOR
Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.
Fecula remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Coughs, Hiccups, Hoarseness, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blisters, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Horses at once. Manufactured by the JOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y.
Sure Cure for Hog Cholera. FULLER & FULLER,
General Western Agents, Chicago, "I."

A SAFE & PROFITABLE INVESTMENT!

A Well Conducted Building and Loan Association
is a safe and profitable investment for monthly savings, but valueless AS AN INCOME INVESTMENT.

The Illinois Building and Improvement Co., of Chicago,

is a pioneer Company in conducting its business on the plan of paying the profits to investors in Semi-Annual dividends, instead of hoarding the profits eight or nine years to mature the stock.

The investments of this Company are of the same character as ordinary Building Associations, and largely confined to Cook County.

MAKING AN ABSOLUTELY SAFE INVESTMENT.
A FEW MORE SHARES WILL BE SOLD AT PAR, INTEREST ALLOWED FROM DATE OF FIRST PAYMENT.

This Stock is an excellent investment for limited amounts of Trust Funds.
For particulars etc., Address: H. DELANY, Vice Pres., and Manager,
218 LA SALLE STREET, - CHICAGO, ILL.

Is Good Hair Your Pride?

The undersigned having tried every known remedy to procure a good head of hair has at last found a simple recipe whereby he has obtained a luxuriant growth of hair, and will send treatment and recipe of same to any address upon receipt of 50c in currency. It is highly endorsed and positively guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Or it will raise a beard as well. Address H. B. Lyons, Milford, Koscusko Co., Ind. (Cut this out and tell where you saw ad.)

FOR RENT:

A good store with dwelling rooms overhead. For particulars call on or address: H. Thacker, Lake Villa, Ill.

Spend the Holidays with your Friends.

On December 24th, 25th and 31st 1890, and January 1st 1891 the Wisconsin Central Lines will sell Round Trip excursion Tickets to all points on its lines within a radius of 200 miles, at rate of one and one third fare. Tickets will be good for return passage until January 3th inclusive. For tickets and other information apply to agent at the line.

A. CHINN, Auctioneer, J. J. BURKE, Justice.

Chinn & Burke, REAL-ESTATE, LOANS AND INVESTMENTS.

We have for sale a number of desirable Residences, lots and farms in and around Antioch, and will attend to all matters pertaining to the renting, sale and transfer of the same.

MONEY TO LOAN IN SUMS TO SUIT, on real-estate and other good security.

INVESTMENTS MADE, Rents etc. Collected on small commission.

Call in and see us in regard to Investments of all kinds, and learn what we can do for you in this line. Let us hear from you if you wish to buy, sell, let or rent buildings or real-estate of any kind.

Yours for business,
CHINN & BURKE,
ANTIOCH, - ILL.

Advertise your wants
IN THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

E. H. AMES,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at Residence,
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.

Mrs. J. A. Turner,
- DEALER IN -
LADIES FURNISHING GOODS,
WOOL AND MERINO UNDERWEAR,
RIBBONS, LACES, HANDKERCHIEFS,
HOSIERY, NOTIONS ETC.

All goods selected with care and sold
AT LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.
CALL AND SEE ME.
Store in Rogers' building on Lake Ave.,
ANTIOCH, - ILL.

NEW FIRM!
MONTGOMERY & STORY.
NEW GOODS,
- AND -
NEW PRICES.

Call and examine our fine line of
GROCERIES

- AND -
PROVISIONS:
HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR BUTTER & EGGS.
MONTGOMERY & STORY,
ANTIOCH, - ILL.

JOB WORK
NEATLY DONE
AT THIS OFFICE.

DON'T BE A CLAM!

AND CLOSE UPON THE FIRST THING OFFERED YOU.

Call and Inspect the large line of

CLOTHING

I HAVE IN STOCK.

WOLLEN BLANKETS,

Wool & Merino Underwear

YOU WILL FIND THE LARGEST LINE IN LAKE COUNTY,
AT THE STORE OF YOURS TRULY,

C. O. FOLTZ,

Antioch, - - - Ills.

WILLIAMS BROTHERS, GENERAL MERCHANTS,

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

Dry Goods, Notions!

CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, CARPETS, RUGS,
WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES,
BOOTS AND SHOES.

GROCERIES, PAINTS AND OILS,
AND IN CONNECTION WITH OUR

HARDWARE STOCK,

WE HAVE ADDED A FULL LINE OF
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
GARLAND COAL AND WOOD HEATERS, RANGES AND WOOD COOKS.

MILK CANS!

THE BEST MADE AND HEAVIEST STOCK
TO BE FOUND IN THE COUNTY.

NAILS, PUTTY, GLASS, BUILDING PAPER ETC.
THE MOST COMPLETE GENERAL STOCK IN LAKE CO.
AND SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES.
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR BUTTER AND EGGS.
AT OLD STAND FOR PAST 17 YEARS.

M. A. Howard,

- DEALER IN -

FURNITURE.

I KEEP ON HAND A LARGE AND SELECT STOCK OF EVERYTHING
USUALLY FOUND IN A FIRST-CLASS FURNITURE STORE,
AND SELL AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.

BEFORE PLACING YOUR ORDER WITH OTHER DEALERS,
CALL AND LEARN PRICES.

STORE IN ROGERS' BUILDING,
ANTIOCH, - - - ILLINOIS.

CASH TALKS!

THE NEW STORE OF

BEN STONE & COMPANY,

Offers Unparalleled Inducements to Buyers of
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HATS,
CAPS, CLOVES, MITTENS,
UNDERWEAR ETC. ETC.

CALL AND SEE OUR IMMENSE

STOCK OF FINE CLOTHING,

LADIES AND GENTS FURNISHING GOODS, DRESS GOODS,
COTTON AND WOOLEN GOODS, WALL PAPER ETC.

OUR STOCK IS COMPLETE

AND COMPRISES A FULL LINE OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

We don't steal our Goods, or give them away; but Buying for CASH and selling for cash enables us to offer

GREAT BARGAINS IN ALL LINES.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR BUTTER AND EGGS, & PAID IN CASH.

BEN STONE & CO.,

ANTIOCH, - - - ILL